
T H E

St. James's Magazine.

For SEPTEMBER, 1762.

The P U F F.

A DIALOGUE between the BOOKSELLER
and AUTHOR.

BOOKSELLER.

MUSEUM, fir ! that's not enough.
New works, we know, require a Puff;
A title to entrap the eyes,
And catch the reader by surprize :
As gaudy signs, which hang before
The tavern or the alehouse door,
Hitch ev'ry passer's observation,
Magnetic in their invitation.
— That SHAKESPEARE is prodigious fine !
Shall we step in, and taste the wine ?
Men, women, houses, horses, books,
All borrow credit from their looks.
Externals have the gift of striking,
And lure the fancy into liking.

VOL. I.

B

AUTHOR:

2 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

AUTHOR.

Oh ! I perceive the thing you mean —
Call it *St. James' Magazine*.

BOOKSELLER.

Or the *New British* —

AUTHOR.

Oh ! no more.

One name's as good as half a score.
And titles oft give nothing less
Than what they *staringly* profess.
Puffing, I grant, is all the mode ;
The common hackney turnpike road :
But custom is the blockhead's guide,
And such low arts disgust my pride.
Success on merit's force depends,
Not on the partial voice of friends ;
Not on the *seems*, that bully sin ;
But that *which passeth shew within* :
Which bids the warmth of friendship glow,
And wrings conviction from a foe. —
Deserve Success, and proudly claim,
Not *steal* a passage into fame.

BOOKSELLER,

Your method, sir, will never do ;
You're right in theory, it's true.
But then, experience in *our* trade
Says, there's no harm in some parade.
Suppose we said, by Mr. Lloyd ?

AUTHOR.

The very thing I wou'd avoid ;
And would be rather pleas'd to own
Myself unknowing, and unknown :
What could th' unknowing muse expect,
But information or neglect ?
Unknown — perhaps her reputation
Escapes the tax of defamation,

And

And wrapt in darkness, laughs unhurt,
While *critic* blockheads throw their dirt:
But he who madly prints his name,
Invites his foe to take sure aim.

BOOKSELLER.

True — but a name will always bring
A better sanction to the thing:
And all your scribbling foes are such,
Their censure cannot hurt you much;
And, take the matter ne'er so ill,
If *you* don't print it, sir, *they* will.

AUTHOR.

Well, be it so — that struggle's o'er —
Nay, — this shall prove one spur the more.
Pleas'd if success attends, if not,
I've writ my name, and made a blot.

BOOKSELLER.

But a good print.

AUTHOR.

The print? why there
I trust to honest LEACH's care.
What is't to me? in verse, or prose,
I find the stuff, you make the cloaths:
And paper, print, and all such drefs,
Will lose no credit from *his* press.

BOOKSELLER.

You quite mistake the thing I mean,
— I'll fetch you, sir, a MAGAZINE;
You see that picture there, — the QUEEN.

AUTHOR.

A dedication to her too!
What will not folly dare to do?
O days of art! when happy skill
Can raise a likeness whence it will;
When portraits ask no REYNOLD's aid,
And queens and kings are ready made.

B 2

No,

4 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

No, no, my friend, by helps like these,
I cannot wish my work should please ;
No pictures taken from the life,
Where all proportions are at strife ;
No HUMMING-BIRD, no PAINTED FLOWER,
No BEAST just landed in the TOWER,
No WOODEN NOTES, no COLOUR'D MAP,
No COUNTRY-DANCE shall stop a gap ;
O PHILOMATH, be not severe,
If not one problem meets you here ;
Where gossip A, and neighbour B,
Pair, like good friends, with C and D ;
And E F G, H I K join ;
And curve and *incidental* line
Fall out, fall in, and cross each other,
Just like a sister and a brother.
Ye *tiny* poets, *tiny* wits,
Who frisk about on *tiny* tits,
Who words disjoin, and sweetly sing,
Take one third part, and take the thing ;
Then close the joints again, to frame
Some LADY's, or some CITY's name,
Enjoy your own, your proper *Phæbus* ;
We neither make, nor print a REBUS.
No CRAMBO, no ACROSTIC fine,
Great letters lacing down each line ;
No strange CONUNDRUM, no invention
Beyond the reach of comprehension,
No RIDDLE, which whoe'er unties,
Claims twelve MUSEUMS for the PRIZE,
Shall strive to please you, at th' expence
Of simple taste, and common sense.

BOOKSELLER.

But would not ORNAMENT produce
Some real grace, and proper use ?
A FRONTISPIECE would have its weight,
Neatly engraved on copper-plate.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

Plain letter-press shall do the feat,
What need of foppery to be neat?
The Paste-board Guard delights me more,
That stands to watch a bun-house door,
Than such a mockery of grace,
And ornament so out of place.

BOOKSELLER.

But one word more, and I have done —
A PATENT might insure its run.

AUTHOR.

Patent! for what! can patents give
A Genius? or make blockheads live?
If so, O hail the glorious plan!
And buy it at what price you can.
But what alas! will that avail,
Beyond the *property* of sale?
A property of little worth,
If weak our produce at its birth.
For fame, for honest fame we strive,
But not to struggle half alive,
And drag a miserable being,
Its end still fearing and foreseeing.

Oh! may the flame of genius blaze,
Enkindl'd with the breath of praise!
But far be ev'ry fruitless puff,
To blow to light a dying snuff.

BOOKSELLER.

But should not something, sir, be said,
Particular on ev'ry head?
What your ORIGINALS will be,
What *infinite* variety,
Multum in Parvo, as they say,
And something neat in every way?

AUTHOR.

I wish there could — but that depends
Not on myself, so much as friends.

I but

6 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,

I but fet up a new machine,
With harnes tight, and furnish'd clean;
Where such, who think it no disgrace,
To send in time, and take a place,
The book-keeper shall minute down,
And I with pleasure drive to town.

BOOKSELLER.

Ay, tell them that, fir, and then say,
What letters come in every day;
And what great *Wits* your care procures,
To join their social hands with your's.

AUTHOR.

What! must I huge propofals print,
Merely to drop some faucy hint,
That real folks of real fame
Will give their works, and not their name?
— This Puff's of use, you say — why let it,
We'll boast such friendship when we get it.

BOOKSELLER.

Get it! Ah, fir, you do but jest,
You'll have assistance, and the best.
There's CHURCHILL — will not CHURCHILL lend
Assistance?

AUTHOR.

Surely — to his FRIEND.

BOOKSELLER.

And then your interest might procure
Something from either CONNOISSEUR.
COLMAN and THORNTON, both will join
Their social hand, to strengthen thine:
And when your name appears in print,
Will GARRICK *never* drop a hint?

AUTHOR.

True, I've indulg'd such hopes before,
From those you name, and many more;
And they, perhaps, again will join
Their hand, if not ashamed of mine.

Bold

Bold is the task we undertake,
The friends we wish, the WORK must make :
For Wits, like adjectives, are known
To cling to that which stands alone.

BOOKSELLER.

Perhaps too, in our way of trade,
We might procure some useful aid ;
Could we engage some able pen,
To furnish matter now and then ;
There's — what's his name, sir ? wou'd compile,
And methodize the news in *style*.

AUTHOR.

Take back your newsmen whence he came,
Carry your crutches to the lame.

BOOKSELLER.

You must enrich your book, indeed !
Bare MERIT never will succeed ;
Which readers are not now a-days,
By half so apt to buy, as praise ;
And praise is hardly worth pursuing,
Which tickles authors to their ruin.
Books shift about, like ladies' dresses,
And there's a fashion in success.
But could not we, like little *Bayes*,
Armies *imaginary* raise ?
And bid our generals take the field,
To head the troops that lie conceal'd ?
Bid *General ESSAY* lead the van,
By — Oh ! the *Style* will shew the man :
Bid *Major SCIENCE* bold appear,
With all his pot-hooks in the rear.

AUTHOR.

True, true — our NEWS, our PROSE, our RHIMES,
Shall shew the colour of the times ;
For which most salutary ends,
We've fellow-soldiers, fellow-friends.

For

8 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

For city, and for court affairs,
My lord duke's butler, and the mayor's.
For politics — eternal talkers,
Profound observers, and park-walkers.
For plays, great actors of renown,
(Now with the squadrons out of town)
Or some, in state of abdication,
Of oratorical reputation ;
Or those who live on scraps and bits,
Mere green-room wasps, and Temple wits ;
Shall teach you, in a page or two,
What GARRICK should, or should not do.
Trim poets from the *City* desk,
Deep vers'd in *rural* picturesque,
Who minute down, with wond'rous pains,
What RIDER'S Almanack contains
On flow'r and feed, and wind, and weather,
And bind them in an *Ode* together ;
Shall thro' the seasons monthly sing
Sweet WINTER, AUTUMN, SUMMER, SPRING.

BOOKSELLER.

Ah, sir ! I see you love to jest,
I did but hint things for the best.
Do what you please, 'tis *your* design,
And if it fails, no blame is mine ;
I leave the management to you,
Your servant, sir,

AUTHOR.

I'm yours, — Adieu.

The P O E T.

An EPISTLE to C. CHURCHILL.

WELL — shall I wish you joy of fame,
 That loudly echoes CHURCHILL's name,
 And sets you on the Muses' throne,
 Which right of conquest made your own?
 Or shall I (knowing how unfit
 The world esteems a man of wit,
 That wheresoever he appears,
 They wonder if the knave has ears)
 Address with joy and lamentation,
 CONDOLANCE and CONGRATULATION,
 As colleges, who duly bring
 Their mews of verse to every king,
 Too *œconomical* in taste,
 Their sorrow or their joy to waste;
 Mix both together, sweet and sow'r;
 And bind the thorn up with the flow'r?

Sometimes 'tis Elegy, or Ode.
Epistle now's your only mode.
 Whether that style more glibly hits
 The fancies of our ramb'ling wits,
 Who wince and kick at all oppression,
 But love to straggle in digression;
 Or, that by writing to the GREAT
 In letters, honours, or estate,
 We slip more easy into fame,
 By clinging to another's name,
 And with their strength our weakness yoke,
 As ivy climbs about an oak;
 As TUFT-HUNTERS will buz and purr
 About a FELLOW-COMMONER,
 Or Crows will wing a higher flight,
 When sailing round the floating kite.

C

Whate'er

Whate'er the motive, 'tis the mode,
 And I will travel in the road.
 The fashionable track pursue,
 And write my simple thoughts to You,
 Just as they rise from head or heart,
 Not marshall'd by the herald Art.

By vanity or pleasure led,
 From thirst of fame, or want of bread,
 Shall any start up sons of rhyme
 PATHETIC, EASY, or SUBLIME?
 — You'd think, to hear what Critics say,
 Their labour was no more than play:
 And that, but such a paltry station
 Reflects disgrace on education,
 (As if we could at once forsake
 What education helps to make)
 Each reader has superior skill,
 And can write better when he will.

In short, howe'er you toil and drudge,
 The world, the mighty world, is judge.
 And nice and fanciful opinion
 Sways all the world with strange dominion;
 Opinion! which on crutches walks,
 And sounds the words another talks.

Bring me eleven Critics *grown*,
 Ten have no judgment of their own:
 But, like the Cyclops, watch the nod
 Of some informing master god.
 Or as, when near his latest breath,
 The patient fain would juggle death,
 When DOCTORS sit in CONSULTATION
 (Which means no more than conversation,
 A kind of comfortable chat
 'Mongst social friends, on This and That,
 As whether stocks get up or down,
 And tittle-tattle of the town,

Books, pictures, politics, and news,
Who lies with whom, and who got whose)
Opinions never disagree,
One doctor writes, *all* take the fee.

But eminence offends at once
The owlish eye of critic dunce.
DULLNESS, alarm'd, collects her Force,
And FOLLY screams till she is hoarse.
Then far abroad the LIBEL flies
From all th' artillery of lies,
MALICE, delighted, flaps her wing,
And EPIGRAM prepares her sting.
Around the frequent pellets whistle
From SATIRE, ODE, and pert EPISTLE;
While every blockhead strives to throw
His share of vengeance on his foe:
As if it were a Shrove-tide game,
And cocks and poets were the same.

Thus should a wooden collar deck
Some woe-full 'squire's embarrass'd neck,
When high above the crowd he stands
With equi-distant sprawling hands,
And without hat, politely bare,
Pops out his head to take the air;
The mob his kind acceptance begs
Of dirt, and stones, and addle-eggs.

O GENIUS! tho' thy noble skill
Can guide thy *Pegasus* at will,
Fleet let him bear thee as the wind —
DULLNESS mounts up and clings behind,
In vain you spur, and whip, and smack,
You cannot shake her from your back.

Ill-nature springs as merit grows,
Close as the thorn is to the rose.

Could HERCULANEUM's friendly earth
 Give MÆVIUS' works a second birth,
 MALEVOLENCE, with lifted eyes,
 Would sanctify the noble prize.
 While *modern* critics should behold
 Their near relation to the *old*,
 And wond'ring gape at one another,
 To see the likeness of a brother.

But with us *rhiming* moderns here,
 Critics are not the only fear ;
 The poet's bark meets sharper shocks
 From other sands, and other rocks.

Not such alone who understand,
 Whose book and memory are at hand,
 Who scientific skill profess,
 And are great adepts — *more or less* ;
 (Whether distinguish'd by degree,
 They write A. M. or sign M. D.
 Or make advances somewhat higher
 And take a new degree of 'SQUIRE.)
 Who read your authors, Greek and Latin,
 And bring you strange quotations pat in,
 As if each sentence grew more terse
 From odds and ends, and scraps of verse ;
 Who with true poetry dispense,
So social sound suits simple sense,
 And load one Letter with the labours,
 Which should be shar'd among its neighbours.
 Who know that thought produces pain,
 And deep reflection mads the brain,
 And *therefore*, wise and prudent grown,
 Have no ideas of their own.
 But if the man of *Nature* speak
 Advance their Bayonets of *Greek*,
 And keep plain sense at such a distance,
 She cannot give a friend assistance.

Not

Not these alone in judgment rise,
 And shoot at genius as it flies,
 But those who cannot *spell*, will TALK,
 As women scold, who cannot walk.

Your man of habit, who's wound up
 To eat and drink, and dine and sup,
 But has not either will or pow'r
 To break out of his formal hour;
 Who lives by rule, and ne'er outgoes it;
 Moves like a clock, and hardly knows it;
 Who is a kind of breathing being,
 Which has but half the pow'r of seeing;
 Who stands for ever on the brink,
 Yet dare not plunge enough to think,
 Nor has one reason to supply
 Wherefore he does a thing, or why,
 But what he does proceeds so right,
 You'd think him always guided by't;
 Joins poetry and vice together
Like sun and rain in April weather,
 Holds rake and wit as things the same,
 And all the difference but a NAME.

A Rake! Alas! how many wear
 The brow of mirth, with heart of care!
 The desperate wretch reflection flies,
 And shuns the way where madness lies,
 Dreads each increasing pang of grief,
 And runs to FOLLY for relief.
 There, 'midst the momentary joys
 Of giddy mirth and frantic noise,
 FORGETFULNESS, her eldest born,
 Smooths the World's hate, and blockhead's scorn,
 Then PLEASURE wins upon the mind,
 Ye CARES, go whistle to the wind;
 Then welcome frolic, welcome whim!
 The world is all alike to *him*.

Distress

Distress is all in apprehension ;
 It ceases, when 'tis past prevention :
 And happiness then presses near,
 When not a hope's left, nor a fear.
 — But you've enough, nor want my preaching,
 And I was never form'd for teaching.

Male prudes we know, (those driv'ling things)
 Will have their gibes, and taunts, and flings.
 How will the sober Cit abuse,
 The fallies of the Culprit muse ;
 To her and Poet shut the door——
 And whip the beggar, with his whore?

POET! —— a FOOL! a WRETCH! a KNAVE!
 A mere mechanic dirty slave!
 What is his verse, but cooping sense
 Within an arbitrary fence?
 At best, but ringing that in rhyme,
 Which prose would say in half the time?
 Measure and numbers! what are those
 But artificial chains for prose?
 Which mechanism quaintly joins
 In parallels of see-saw lines.
 And when the frisky wanton writes
 In PINDAR's (what d'ye call 'em) —— flights
 Th' uneven measure, short and tall,
 Now rhiming *twice*, now *not at all*,
 In *curves* and and *angles* twirls about,
 Like *Chinese railing*, in and out.

Thus when you've labour'd hours on hours,
 Cull'd all the *sweets*, cull'd all the *flow'rs*,
 The churl, whose dull imagination
 Is dead to every fine sensation,
 Too gross to relish nature's bloom,
 Or taste her *simple* rich perfume,

Shall

Shall cast them by as useless stuff,
And fly with keeness to his——snuff.

Look round the world, not one in ten
Thinks Poets good, or honest men.

'Tis true their conduct, not o'er nice,
Sits often loose to easy vice.
Perhaps *their Temperance* will not pass
The due rotation of the glass;
And gravity denies 'em pow'r
T' unpeg their hats at such an hour.

Some vices must to all appear
As constitutional as FEAR;
And every Moralist will find
A ruling passion in the mind:
Which, tho' pent up and barricado'd
Like winds, where Æolus bravado'd;
Like them, will sally from their den,
And raise a tempest now and then;
Unhinge dame PRUDENCE from her plan,
And ruffle all the world of man.

Can authors then exemption draw
From nature's, or the common law?
They err alike with all mankind,
Yet not the same indulgence find.
Their lives are more conspicuous grown,
More talk'd of, pointed at, and shewn,
Till every *error* seems to rise
To SINS of most *gigantic* size.

Thus fares it still, however hard,
With every wit, and every bard.
His *publick* writings, *private* life,
Nay more, his mistress, or his wife,

And

And every social, dear connection,
 Must bear a critical dissection ;
 While *friends* connive, and rivals hate,
 Scoundrels traduce, and blockheads bait.
 Perhaps you'll readily admit
 There's danger from the *trading* wit,
 And dunce and fool, and such as those,
 Must be of course the poet's foes :
 But sure no sober man alive,
 Can think that *friends* wou'd e'er *connive*.

From just remarks on earliest time,
 In the first infancy of rhyme,
 It may be fairly understood
 There were two sects — the Bad, the Good.
 Both fell together by the ears,
 And both beat up for volunteers.
 By interest, or by birth allied,
 Numbers flock'd in on either side.
 WIT to his weapons ran at once,
 While all the cry was "down with DUNCE !"
 Onward he led his social bands,
 The common cause had join'd their hands.
 Yet even while their zeal they show,
 And war against the general foe,
 Howe'er their rage flam'd fierce and cruel,
 They'd stop it all to fight a duel.
 And each cool wit would meet his brother,
 To pink and tilt at one another.

Jealous of every puff of fame,
 The idle whist'ling of a name,
 The property of half a line,
 Whether a comma's your's or mine,
 Shall make a Bard a Bard engage,
 And shake the friendship of an age.
 But diffident and modest wit
 Is always ready to submit ;

Fearful

Fearful of press and publication,
 Consults a brother's observation,
 Talks of the maggot of his brains,
 As hardly worth the critic pains ;
 " If ought disgusts the sense, or ear,
 " You cannot, sir, be too *severe*.
 " Expunge, correct, do what you will,
 " I leave it to superior skill ;
 " Exert the office of a friend,
 " You may oblige, but can't offend."

This Bard too has his private clan,
 Where *He's* the great, the only man.
 Here, while the bottle and the bowl
 Promote the joyous flow of soul,
 (And sense of mind, no doubt, grows stronger
 When failing legs can stand no longer)
 Emphatic judgment takes the chair,
 And damns about her with an air.
 Then each, self-puff'd, and hero grown,
 Able to cope with hosts alone,
 Drawcansir like, his murders blends,
 First slays his foes, and then his *friends*.

While your good word, or conversation,
 Can lend a brother reputation ;
 While verse or preface quaintly penn'd,
 Can raise the consequence of friend,
 How visible the kind affection !
 How close the partial fond connection !
 Then *He* is quick, and *I'm* discerning,
 And *I* have wit, and *He* has learning,
My judgment's strong, and *His* is chaste,
 And BOTH — ay BOTH, are men of taste.

Should you nor steal nor borrow aid,
 And set up for yourself in trade,

Resolv'd imprudently to show
 That 'tis not always Wit and Co.
 Feelings, before unknown, arise,
 And Genius looks with jealous eyes.
 Tho' thousands may arrive at fame,
 Yet never take one path the same.
 An Author's vanity or pride
 Can't bear a neighbour by his side,
 Altho' he but delighted goes
 Along the track which nature shows,
 Nor ever madly runs astray,
 To cross his brother in his way.
 And some there are, whose narrow minds,
 Center'd in self, self always blinds,
 Who, at a friend's re-echoed praise,
 Which their own voice conspir'd to raise,
 Shall be more deep and inly hurt,
 Than from a foe's insulting dirt.

And some, too timid to reveal
 That glow of heart, and forward zeal,
 Which words are scanty to express,
 But friends must feel from friend's success,
 When full of hopes and fears, the Muse,
 Which every breath of praise pursues,
 Wou'd open to their free embrace,
 Meet her with such a blasting face,
 That all the brave imagination,
 Which seeks the sun of approbation,
 No more its early blossoms tries,
 But curls its tender leaves, and dies.

Is there a man, whose genius strong,
 Rolls like a rapid stream along,
 Whose Muse, long hid in cheerless night,
 Pours on us like a flood of light,
 Whose acting comprehensive mind
 Walks Fancy's regions, unconfin'd ;

Whom

Whom, nor the surly sense of pride,
 Nor affectation, warps aside ;
 Who drags no author from his shelf,
 To talk on with an eye to self ;
 Careless alike, in conversation,
 Of censure, or of approbation ;
 Who freely thinks, and freely speaks,
 And meets the Wit he never seeks ;
 Whose reason calm, and judgment cool,
 Can pity, but not hate a fool,
 Who can a hearty praise bestow,
 If merit sparkles in a foe,
 Who bold and open, firm and true,
 Flatters no friends — yet loves them too.

CHURCHILL will be the last to know
 His is the portrait, I would show.

A B A L L A D.

YE shepherds so careless and gay,
 Who sport with the nymphs of the plain,
 Take heed lest you frolic away
 The peace you can never regain.
 Let not Folly your bosoms annoy ;
 And of Love, the dear mischief, beware.
 You may think 'tis all sunshine and joy,
 — I know 'tis o'ershadow'd with care.

Love's morning how blithsome it shines,
 With an aspect deceitfully fair ;
 Its day oft in sorrow declines,
 And it sets in the night of despair.
 Hope paints the gay scene to the sight,
 While Fancy her visions bestows,
 And gilds ev'ry dream with delight,
 But to wake us to sensible woes.

How hard is my lot to complain
 Of a nymph whom I yet must adore,
 Tho' she love not her shepherd again,
 Her DAMON must love her the more.
 For it was not the pride of her sex,
 That treated his vows with disdain,
 For it was not the pleasure to vex,
 That made her delude her fond swain.

'Twas His, the fair nymph to behold,
 He hop'd — and he rashly believ'd.
 'Twas her's to be fatally cold ;
 — He lov'd — and was fondly deceiv'd.
 For such is of lovers the doom,
 While passions their reason beguile,
 'Tis warrant enough to presume,
 If they catch but a look or a smile.

Yet surely my PHYLLIS would seem
 To prize me most shepherds above ;
 But that might be only esteem,
 While I foolishly constru'd it love.
 Yet others, like DAMON, believ'd
 The nymph might have favour'd her swain,
 And others, like Him, were deceiv'd,
 Like Han, tho' they cannot complain.

Of PHYLLIS was always my song,
 For she was my pride and my care ;
 And the folks, as we wander'd along,
 Wou'd call us the conjugal pair.
 They mark'd how I walk'd at her side,
 How her hand to my bosom I prest,
 Each tender endearment I try'd,
 And I thought none was ever so blest.

But now the delusion is o'er,
 These day-dreams of pleasure are fled,
 Now Her DAMON is pleasing no more,
 And the hopes of her shepherd are dead.

May he that my fair shall obtain,
 May He, as thy DAMON, be true;
 Or haply thou'lt think of that swain,
 Who bids thee, dear maiden, adieu.

N

Two additional Volumes of the Works of
 Dr. SWIFT.

THOUGH the Doctor, in an intimate correspondence with a friend, expresses himself rather kindly on trifles, and cries out *vive la bagatelle*, he could never then imagine that there would be such *painful* editors, and *judicious* collectors, who would ransack every cabinet and corner for the amusements, perhaps, of his dotage; and, by enlarging the bulk of his volumes, diminish their strength. Yet thus has it often fared with the excellent Dean of *St. Patrick's*; and a foreigner must be surprized at such an incoherent assemblage of sound reasoning, true wit, and downright nonsense, as make up the printed works of this writer. The public, however, it must be allowed, will receive much amusement from the present additional volumes. The divines will be glad to see the Dean in the proper exercise of his function; and will with pleasure observe, how he has fitted the plainness of his expression to the conceptions of his audience. They will also see him here too in a new light as a controversialist; and lament, that an answer to Tindal, so masterly begun, and carried on with such easy pleasantry, should appear without his finishing hand to it. One extract from these volumes, will be sufficient to give the reader a taste for the whole; and as the following Essay, though intitled Hints only, is one detached composition, the reader will accept this as a sample of the stile, and will, no doubt, easily perceive the hand of the master.

HINTS

HINTS TOWARDS AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

‘ I have observed few obvious subjects to have been
 ‘ so seldom, or, at least, so slightly handled as this ; and
 ‘ indeed, I know few so difficult to be treated as it
 ‘ ought, nor yet upon which there seemeth so much to
 ‘ be said.

‘ Most things, pursued by men for the happiness of
 ‘ public or private life, our wit or folly have so refined,
 ‘ that they seldom subsist but in idea ; a true friend, a
 ‘ good marriage, a perfect form of government, with
 ‘ some others, require so many ingredients, so good in
 ‘ their several kinds, and so much niceness in mixing
 ‘ them, that for some thousands of years, men have de-
 ‘ spaired of reducing their schemes to perfection : But,
 ‘ in Conversation, it is, or might be otherwise ; for
 ‘ here we are only to avoid a multitude of errors, which,
 ‘ although a matter of some difficulty, may be in every
 ‘ man’s power, for want of which it remaineth as meer
 ‘ an idea as the other. Therefore it seemeth to me,
 ‘ that the truest way to understand Conversation, is to
 ‘ know the faults and errors to which it is subject, and
 ‘ from thence every man to form maxims to himself
 ‘ whereby it may be regulated, because it requireth few
 ‘ talents to which most men are not born, or at least
 ‘ may not acquire without any great genius or study.
 ‘ For nature hath left every man a capacity of being
 ‘ agreeable, though not of shining in company ; and
 ‘ there are an hundred men sufficiently qualified for
 ‘ both, who, by a very few faults, that they might cor-
 ‘ rect in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

‘ I was prompted to write my thoughts upon this sub-
 ‘ ject, by meer indignation, to reflect that so useful
 ‘ and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period
 ‘ and condition of life, and so much in all men’s power,
 ‘ should be so much neglected and abused.

‘ And in this discourse it will be necessary to note
 ‘ those errors that are obvious, as well as others which
 ‘ are

are feldomer observed, ſince there are few ſo obvious
or acknowledged, into which moſt men, ſome time
or other, are not apt to run.

For inſtance: nothing is more generally exploded,
than the folly of talking too much; yet I rarely re-
member to have ſeen five people together, where ſome
one among them hath not been predominant in that
kind, to the great constraint and diſguſt of all the reſt.
But among ſuch as deal in multitudes of words, none
are comparable to the ſober deliberate talker, who pro-
ceedeth with much thought and caution, maketh his
preface, brancheth out into ſeveral digreſſions, findeth
a hint that putteth him in mind of another ſtory,
which he promiſeth to tell you when this is done;
cometh back regularly to his ſubject, cannot readily
call to mind ſome perſon's name, holdeth his head,
complaineth of his memory; the whole company all
this while in ſuſpence; at length ſays, it is no matter,
and ſo goes on. And, to crown the buſineſs, it per-
haps proveth, at laſt, a ſtory the company hath heard
fifty times before; or, at beſt, ſome inſipid adventure
of the relater.

Another general fault in converſation is, that of
thoſe who affect to talk of themſelves: Some, without
any ceremony, will run over the hiſtory of their
lives; will relate the annals of their diſeaſes, with
the ſeveral ſymptoms and circumſtances of them; will
enumerate the hardſhips and injuſtice they have ſuffered
in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others
are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the
watch to hook in their own praiſe: They will call a
witneſs to remember, they always foretold what
would happen in ſuch a caſe, but none would believe
them; they adviſed ſuch a man from the beginning,
and told him the conſequences, juſt as they happened;
but he would have his own way. Others make a
vanity of telling their faults; they are the ſtrangeſt
men in the world; they cannot diſſemble; they own
it is a folly; they have loſt abundance of advantages
by

‘ by it; but, if you would give them the world, they
 ‘ cannot help it; there is something in their nature that
 ‘ abhors insincerity and constraint; with many other
 ‘ unsufferable topics of the same altitude.

‘ Of such mighty importance every man is to himself,
 ‘ and ready to think he is so to others; without once
 ‘ making this easy and obvious reflexion, that his affairs
 ‘ can have no more weight with other men, than their’s
 ‘ have with him; and how little that is, he is sensible
 ‘ enough.

‘ Where company hath met, I often have observed
 ‘ two persons discover, by some accident, that they
 ‘ were bred together at the same school or university,
 ‘ after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to
 ‘ listen while these two are refreshing each other’s me-
 ‘ mory with the arch tricks and passages of themselves
 ‘ and their comrades.

‘ I know a great officer of the army, who will sit
 ‘ for some time with a supercilious and impatient silence,
 ‘ full of anger and contempt for those who are talking;
 ‘ at length of a sudden, demand audience, decide the
 ‘ matter in a short dogmatical way; then withdraw
 ‘ within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more,
 ‘ until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

‘ There are some faults in conversation, which none
 ‘ are so subject to as the men of wit, nor ever so much
 ‘ as when they are with each other. If they have
 ‘ opened their mouths, without endeavouring to say a
 ‘ witty thing, they think it is so many words lost: It is
 ‘ a torment to the hearers, as much as to themselves,
 ‘ to see them upon the rack for invention, and in per-
 ‘ petual constraint, with so little success. They must
 ‘ do something extraordinary, in order to acquit them-
 ‘ selves, and answer their character, else the standers-
 ‘ by may be disappointed, and be apt to think them
 ‘ only like the rest of mortals. I have known two
 ‘ men of wit industriously brought together, in order
 ‘ to entertain the company, where they have made a
 ‘ very

‘ very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at
‘ their own expence.

‘ I know a man of wit, who is never easy but where
‘ he can be allowed to dictate and preside; he neither
‘ expecteth to be informed or entertained, but to display
‘ his own talents. His business is to be good company,
‘ and not good conversation; and, therefore, he chuseth
‘ to frequent those who are content to listen, and pro-
‘ fess themselves his admirers. And, indeed, the worst
‘ conversation I ever remember to have heard in my
‘ life, was that at *Will’s* coffee-house, where the wits (as
‘ they were called) used formerly to assemble; that is
‘ to say, five or six men, who had writ plays, or at
‘ least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came
‘ thither, and entertained one another with their trifling
‘ composures, in so important an air, as if they had
‘ been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the
‘ fate of kingdoms depended on them; and they were
‘ usually attended with an humble audience of young
‘ students from the inns of courts, or the universities,
‘ who, at due distance, listened to these oracles, and
‘ returned home with great contempt for their law and
‘ philosophy, their heads filled with trash, under the
‘ name of politeness, criticism, and belles lettres.

‘ By these means, the poets, for many years past,
‘ were all over-run with pedantry. For, as I take it,
‘ the word is not properly used; because pedantry is
‘ the too frequent or unseasonable obtruding our own
‘ knowledge in common discourse, and placing too
‘ great a value upon it; by which definition, men of
‘ the court or the army may be as guilty of pedantry,
‘ as a philosopher or a divine; and it is the same vice
‘ in women, when they are over-copious upon the sub-
‘ ject of their petticoats, or their fans, or their china.
‘ For which reason, although it be a piece of prudence,
‘ as well as good manners, to put men upon talking on
‘ subjects they are best versed in, yet that is a liberty a
‘ wise man could hardly take; because, beside the im-

‘putation of pedantry, it is what he would never
 ‘improve by.

‘This great town is usually provided with some
 ‘player, mimic or buffoon, who hath a general re-
 ‘ception at the good tables; familiar and domestic
 ‘with persons of the first quality, and usually sent for
 ‘at every meeting to divert the company; against
 ‘which I have no objection. You go there as to a farce
 ‘or a puppet-show; your business is only to laugh in
 ‘season, either out of inclination or civility, while this
 ‘merry companion is acting his part. It is a business
 ‘he hath undertaken, and we are to suppose he is paid
 ‘for his day’s work. I only quarrel, when in select and
 ‘private meetings, where men of wit and learning are
 ‘invited to pass an evening, this jester should be ad-
 ‘mitted to run over his circle of tricks, and make the
 ‘whole company unfit for any other conversation,
 ‘besides the indignity of confounding mens talents at
 ‘so shameful a rate.

‘Raillery is the finest part of conversation; but, as it
 ‘is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate what-
 ‘ever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and
 ‘turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or
 ‘being smart; just as when an expensive fashion cometh
 ‘up, those who are not able to reach it, content them-
 ‘selves with some paltry imitation. It now passeth for
 ‘raillery, to run a man down in discourse, to put him
 ‘out of countenance, and make him ridiculous, some-
 ‘times to expose the defects of his person or under-
 ‘standing; on all which occasions he is obliged not to
 ‘be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able
 ‘to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is
 ‘dextrous at this art, singling out a weak adversary,
 ‘getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all
 ‘before him. The *French*, from whom we borrow the
 ‘word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so
 ‘had we in the politer age of our fathers. Raillery
 ‘was to say something that at first appeared a reproach
 ‘or

‘ or reflexion, but by some turn of wit unexpected and
 ‘ surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the
 ‘ advantage of the person it was addressed to. And
 ‘ surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never
 ‘ to say a thing which any of the company can rea-
 ‘ sonably wish we had rather left unsaid ; nor can there
 ‘ any thing be well more contrary to the ends for which
 ‘ people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with
 ‘ each other or themselves.

‘ There are two faults in conversation, which appear
 ‘ very different, yet arise from the same root, and are
 ‘ equally blameable ; I mean, an impatience to inter-
 ‘ rupt others, and the uneasiness of being interrupted
 ‘ ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation, are
 ‘ to entertain and improve those we are among, or to
 ‘ receive those benefits ourselves ; which whoever will
 ‘ consider, cannot easily run into either of those two
 ‘ errors ; because when any man speaketh in company,
 ‘ it is to be supposed he doth it for his hearers sake, and
 ‘ not his own ; so that common discretion will teach us
 ‘ not to force their attention, if they are not willing to
 ‘ lend it ; nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who
 ‘ is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner
 ‘ to give the preference to our own good sense.

‘ There are some people, whose good manners will
 ‘ not suffer them to interrupt you ; but what is almost
 ‘ as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and
 ‘ lie upon the watch until you have done, because they
 ‘ have started something in their own thoughts, which
 ‘ they long to be delivered of. Mean time, they are so
 ‘ far from regarding what passes, that their imaginations
 ‘ are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve,
 ‘ for fear it should slip out of their memory ; and thus
 ‘ they confine their invention, which might otherwise
 ‘ range over a hundred things full as good, and that
 ‘ might be much more naturally introduced.

‘ There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some
 ‘ people, by practising among their intimates, have in-

' introduced into their general conversation, and would
 ' have it pass for innocent freedom or humour, which is
 ' a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where
 ' all the little decorum and politeness we have, are
 ' purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into
 ' barbarity. This, among the *Romans*, was the raillery
 ' of slaves, of which we have many instances in *Plautus*.
 ' It seemeth to have been introduced among us by
 ' *Cromwell*, who, by preferring the scum of the people,
 ' made it a court-entertainment, of which I have heard
 ' many particulars; and, considering all things were
 ' turned upside down, it was reasonable and judicious:
 ' Although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule
 ' a point of honour in the other extreme, when the
 ' smallest word misplaced among gentlemen, ended in
 ' a duel.

' There are some men excellent at telling a story,
 ' and provided with a plentiful stock of them, which
 ' they can draw out upon occasion in all companies;
 ' and, considering how low conversation runs now
 ' among us, it is not altogether a contemptible talent;
 ' however, it is subject to two unavoidable defects;
 ' frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted; so that
 ' whoever valueth this gift in himself, hath need of
 ' a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his
 ' company, that he may not discover the weakness of
 ' his fund; for those who are thus endowed, have
 ' seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main
 ' stock.

' Great speakers in public, are seldom agreeable in
 ' private conversation, whether their faculty be natural,
 ' or acquired by practice and often venturing. Natural
 ' elocution, although it may seem a paradox, usually
 ' springeth from a barrenness of invention and of words,
 ' by which men, who have only one stock of notions
 ' upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express
 ' them in, they swim upon the superficies, and offer
 ' themselves on every occasion; therefore, men of
 ' much

‘ much learning, and who know the compass of a
 ‘ language, are generally the worst talkers on a sudden,
 ‘ until much practice hath inured and emboldened
 ‘ them, because they are confounded with plenty of
 ‘ matter, variety of notions, and of words, which they
 ‘ cannot readily chuse, but are perplexed and entangled
 ‘ by too great a choice ; which is no disadvantage in
 ‘ private conversation ; where, on the other side, the
 ‘ talent of haranguing is, of all others, most insup-
 ‘ portable.

‘ Nothing hath spoiled men more for conversation,
 ‘ than the character of being wits, to support which,
 ‘ they never fail of encouraging a number of followers
 ‘ and admirers, who list themselves in their service,
 ‘ wherein they find their accounts on both sides, by
 ‘ pleasing their mutual vanity. This hath given the
 ‘ former such an air of superiority, and made the latter
 ‘ so pragmatical, that neither of them are well to be
 ‘ endured. I say nothing here of the itch of dispute
 ‘ and contradiction, telling of lyes, or of those who are
 ‘ troubled with the disease called the wandering of the
 ‘ thoughts, that they are never present in mind at what
 ‘ passeth in discourse ; for whoever labours under any
 ‘ of these possessions, is as unfit for conversation, as a
 ‘ madman in Bedlam.

‘ I think I have gone over most of the errors in con-
 ‘ versation, that have fallen under my notice or me-
 ‘ mory, except some that are merely personal, and
 ‘ others too gross to need exploding ; such as lewd or
 ‘ prophane talk ; but, I pretend only to treat the errors
 ‘ of conversation in general, and not the several subjects
 ‘ of discourse, which would be infinite. Thus we see
 ‘ how human nature is most debased, by the abuse of
 ‘ that faculty, which is held the great distinction be-
 ‘ tween men and brutes ; and how little advantage we
 ‘ make of that which might be the greatest, the most
 ‘ lasting, and the most innocent, as well as useful plea-
 ‘ sure of life : In default of which, we are forced to
 ‘ take

' take up with those poor amusements of dress and
 ' visiting, or the more pernicious ones of play, drink,
 ' and vicious amours, whereby the nobility and gentry
 ' of both sexes are entirely corrupted both in body
 ' and mind, and have lost all notions of love, honour,
 ' friendship, and generosity ; which, under the name
 ' of fopperies, have been for some time laughed out of
 ' doors.

' This degeneracy of conversation, with the per-
 ' nicious consequences thereof upon our humours and
 ' dispositions, hath been owing, among other causes,
 ' to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding
 ' women from any share in our society, further than in
 ' parties at play, or dancing, or in the pursuit of an
 ' amour. I take the highest period of politeness in
 ' *England* (and it is of the same date in *France*) to have
 ' been the peaceable part of king *Charles* the First's
 ' reign ; and from what we read of those times, as well
 ' as from the accounts I have formerly met with from
 ' some who lived in that court, the methods then
 ' used for raising and cultivating conversation, were al-
 ' together different from ours ; several ladies, whom
 ' we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had as-
 ' semblies at their houses, where persons of the best
 ' understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the
 ' evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable sub-
 ' jects were occasionally started ; and although we are
 ' apt to ridicule the sublime platonic notions they had,
 ' or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their
 ' refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a
 ' little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to pre-
 ' serve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without
 ' which it is apt to degenerate into every thing that is
 ' sordid, vicious and low. If there were no other use in
 ' the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would
 ' lay a restraint upon those odious topics of immodesty
 ' and indecencies, into which the rudeness of our
 ' northern genius is so apt to fall. And, therefore, it
 ' is

‘ is observeable in those sprightly gentlemen about the
 ‘ town, who are so very dextrous at entertaining a
 ‘ vizard mask in the park or the playhouse, that, in the
 ‘ company of ladies of virtue and honour, they are
 ‘ silent and disconcerted, and out of their element.

‘ There are some people who think they sufficiently
 ‘ acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with
 ‘ relating of facts of no consequence, nor at all out of
 ‘ the road of such common incidents as happen every
 ‘ day; and this I have observed more frequently among
 ‘ the *Scots* than any other nation, who are very careful
 ‘ not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or
 ‘ place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little
 ‘ relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well
 ‘ as accent and gesture peculiar to that country, would
 ‘ be hardly tolerable. It is not a fault in company to
 ‘ talk much; but to continue it long is certainly one;
 ‘ for, if the majority of those who are got together,
 ‘ be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will
 ‘ flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them,
 ‘ who can start new subjects, provided he doth not
 ‘ dwell upon them, but leaveth room for answers and
 ‘ replies.’

The Third Book of the GHOST.

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THE publick have expected this third book of the
 Ghost, with that impatience, which the easy flow
 of wit, and strong vein of satire, so eminently displayed in the two first, could not fail to excite in the
 minds of every intelligent reader. Nor indeed, as is
 too often the case, are our appetites, which have been
 so agreeably raised, in any danger of being disappointed.
 Our author's Muse, which digresses in the luxuriance
 of fancy, opens with a description of the morning, both
 in

in country and town, by images and circumstances, marking the time in either place not without several oblique strokes of satire, and is as follows :

It was the HOUR, when *Huswife Morn*
With *Pearl* and *Linen* hangs each thorn ;
When happy Bards, who can regale
Their Muse with Country air and ale,
Ramble afield, to Brooks and Bow'rs,
To pick up *Sentiments* and *Flow'rs* ;
When Dogs and Squires from kennel fly,
And Hogs and Farmers quit their sty ;
When *my Lord* rises to the Chace,
And brawny Chaplain takes his place.

These Images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly understood,
Sagacious Readers must allow,
Proclaim us in the Country now.
For Observations mostly rise
From Objects just before our eyes,
And ev'ry Lord in Critic Wit
Can tell you where the piece was writ,
Can point out, as he goes along,
(And who shall dare to say he's wrong?)
Whether the warmth (for Bards, we know,
At present never more than glow)
Was in the Town or Country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.

It was the HOUR — tho' Critics frown,
We now declare ourselves in Town,
Nor will a moment's pause allow
For finding when we came, or how.
The Man who deals in humble Prose,
Tied down by rule and method, goes,
But they who court the vig'rous Muse,
Their carriage have a right to chuse ;

Free

Free as the Air, and unconfin'd,
 Swift as the motions of the Mind,
 The POET darts from place to place,
 And instant bounds o'er Time and Space.
 Nature (whilst blended fire and skill
 In flame our passions to his will)
 Smiles at her violated Laws,
 And crowns his daring with applause.

Should there be still some rigid few
 Who keep *propriety* in view,
 Whose heads turn round, and cannot bear
 This whirling passage thro' the Air,
 Free leave have such at home to sit,
 And write a *Regimen* for Wit :
 To clip our Pinions let them try,
 Not having heart themselves to fly.

It was the HOUR, when Devotees
 Breathe *pious curses* on their knees,
 When they with pray'rs the day begin
 To sanctify a Night of Sin ;
 When Rogues of Modesty, who roam
 Under the veil of Night, sneak home,
 That free from all restraint and awe,
 Just to the windward of the Law,
 Less modest Rogues their tricks may play,
 And plunder in the face of day.

From hence taking occasion just to hint at objections
 that have been made against

This rambling, wild, digressive Wit,

he makes a solemn invocation to *Method* (the *only* per-
 fection men of no genius, and much reading, can be
 guilty of) and proceeds to an account of Fame,

Who had beheld from first to last
 How our Triumvirate had pass'd
 Night's dreadful interval, and heard,
 With strict attention, every word,

The Reader might perhaps find some pleasure in the comparison of our Author's Description of Fame, and Butler's. Although there is nothing borrowed from the last, yet, as there is some similarity in the manner, perhaps it may not be unentertaining to give an extract of both :

“ There is a tall long-sided Dame
 “ (But wond'rous light) ycleped Fame,
 “ That like a thin Chamæleon boards
 “ Herself on Air, and feeds on Words :
 “ Upon her shoulders wings she wears,
 “ Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears ;
 “ And eyes and tongues, as Poets list,
 “ Made good by deep Mythologist.
 “ With these she through the welkin flies,
 “ And sometimes carries Truth, oft Lies ;
 “ With Letters hung, like Eastern Pigeons,
 “ And Mercuries of furthest Regions,
 “ Diurnals writ for regulation
 “ Of Lying, to inform the Nation,
 “ And by their public Use to bring down
 “ The rate of Whetstones in the Kingdom.
 “ About her Neck a packet Mail,
 “ Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale ;
 “ Of Men that walk'd when they were dead ;
 “ And Cows of Monsters brought to-bed :
 “ Of Hail-stones, big as Pullet's Eggs,
 “ And Puppies whelp'd with twice two Legs ;
 “ A blazing Star seen in the West
 “ By six or seven Men at the least.
 “ Two Trumpets, &c.”

HUDIBRAS.

Pois'd

Pois'd in mid-air —— (it matters not
To ascertain the very spot;
Nor yet to give you a relation
How it eluded *Gravitation* ——)
Hung a *Watch-Tow'r* —— by VULCAN plan'd
With such rare skill by JOVE's Command,
That ev'ry word, which whisper'd here,
Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
On the still bosom of the Air
Is borne, and heard distinctly there,
The Palace of an antient Dame,
Whom Men as well as Gods call FAME.

A *prattling Gossip*, on whose tongue
Proof of perpetual motion's hung;
Whose lungs in strength all lungs surpass,
Like her own Trumpet made of brass,
Who with an hundred pair of eyes
The vain attacks of sleep defies,
Who with an hundred pair of wings,
News from the farthest quarters brings,
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
All that she knows, and ten times more.

Not all the Virtues, which we find
Concenter'd in a HUNTER's mind,
Can make her spare the ranc'rous tale,
If in one point she chance to fail;
Or, if, once in a thousand years,
A perfect Character appears,
Such as of late with joy and pride
My Soul possess'd, e're A—— died;
Or such as, Envy must allow,
The World enjoys in H—— now,
This Hag, who aims at all alike,
At Virtues e'en like theirs will strike,
And make faults, in the way of trade,
When she can't find them ready made.

36 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,

All things she takes in, small and great,
 Talks of a *Toy-shop* and a *State*,
 Of *Wits* and *Fools*, of *Saints* and *Kings*,
 Of *Garters*, *Stars*, and *Leading-Strings*,
 Of *Old Lords* fumbling for a *Clap*,
 And *Young Ones* full of *Pray'r* and *Pap*,
 Of *Courts*, of *Morals*, and *Tye-Wigs*,
 Of *Bears*, and *Serjeants* dancing jigs,
 Of *Grave Professors* at the *Bar*,
 Learning to *thrum* on the *Guittar*,
 Whilst *Laws* are *slubber'd* o'er in haste,
 And *Judgment* sacrific'd to *TASTE* ;
 Of *whited Sepulchres*, *Lawn Sleeves*,
 And *GOD's house* made a *den of thieves*,
 Of *Fun'ral pomps*, where *Clamours* hung,
 And fix'd disgrace on ev'ry tongue,
 Whilst *SENSE* and *ORDER* blush'd to see
Nobles without *HUMANITY* ;
 Of *Coronations*, where each heart
 With honest raptures bore a part,
 Of *City Feasts*, where *ELEGANCE*
 Was proud her *Colours* to advance,
 And *GLUTTONY*, uncommon case,
 Could only get the *second* place,
 Of *New-rai'd* *Pillars* in the *State*,
 Who must be *good* as being *great* ;
 Of *Shoulders*, on which *HONOURS* fit
 Almost as clumsily as *Wit* ;
 Of *doughty Knights*, whom *titles* please,
 But not the payment of the *Fees* ;
 Of *Lectures*, whither ev'ry *Fool*
 In *second child-hood* goes to school ;
 Of *grey Beards* deaf to *Reason's* call,
 From *Inn of Court*, or *City Hall*,
 Whom youthful *Appetites* enslave,
 With one *Foot* fairly in the grave,
 By help of *Crutch*, a needful *Brother*,
 Learning of *HART* to dance with t'other ;

Of

Of *Doctors* regularly bred
 To fill the mansions of the dead ;
 Of *Quacks* (for Quacks they must be still
 Who save when FORMS require to kill)
 Who life, and health, and vigour give
 To HIM, not one would wish to live ;
 Of *Artists*, who, with noblest view,
 Disinterested plans pursue,
 For trembling worth the ladder raise,
 And mark out the ascent to praise ;
 Of *Arts* and *Sciences*, where meet
Sublime, *Profound*, and *all compleat*,
 A SET (whom at some fitter time
 The MUSE shall consecrate in *Rhime*)
 Who humble ARTISTS to outdo
 A far more lib'ral plan pursue,
 And let their *well-judg'd* PREMIUMS fall
 On Those, who have no worth at all ;
 Of *Sign-Post Exhibitions*, rais'd
 For laughter, more than to be prais'd,
 (Tho' by the way, we cannot see
 Why *Praise* and *Laughter* mayn't agree)
 Where *genuine* HUMOUR runs to waste,
 And justly chides our want of Taste,
 Censur'd, like other things, tho' good,
 Because they are not understood.

To higher subjects now SHE soars,
 And talks of *Politics* and *Whores*,
 (If to your nice and chaster ears
 That Term *indelicate* appears,
 SCRIPTURE *politely* shall refine,
 And melt it into *Concubine*)
 In the same breath spreads BOURBON's league,
 And publishes the *Grand Intrigue*,
 In BRUSSELS or our own GAZETTE,
 Makes armies fight which never met,

And

And circulates the Pox or Plague
 To LONDON, by the way of HAGUE,
 For all the lies which there appear,
 Stamp'd with *Authority* come here;
 Borrows as freely from the gabble
 Of some rude leader of a rabble,
 Or from the *quaint* harangues of those
 Who lead a Nation by the Nose,
 As from those *storms* which, void of Art,
 Burst from our *honest* PATRIOT's heart,
 When ELOQUENCE and VIRTUE (late
 Remark'd to live in mutual hate)
 Fond of each other's Friendship grown,
 Claim ev'ry sentence for their own;
 And with an equal joy recites
Parade Amours, and *half-pay Fights*,
 Perform'd by *Heroes* of *fair Weather*,
 Merely by dint of *Lace* and *Feather*,
 As those rare acts, which HONOUR taught
 Our daring Sons where GRANBY fought,
 Or those which, with superior skill,
 ——— atchiev'd by *standing still*.

If the person of Fame is described with more humour,
 and set forth in a more grotesque figure by *Butler*, the
 objects she talks of in the Ghost, are more deserving of
 Satire; and Fame in this place, it is to be feared,
 carries as many Truths as Lies.

It would be impossible to pass the inimitable burlesque
 of *ridiculous* Fancy, *idle* Description, and *ite* Obser-
 vation (to be met with in many Poets, not held con-
 temptible) contain'd in the following Lines.

Now is the time (had we the will)
 T'amaze the Readers with our skill,
 To pour out such a flood of knowledge
 As might suffice for a whole College,

Whilst

Whilst with a true Poetic force
 We trac'd the Goddess in her course,
Sweetly describing in our flight,
 Each *Common* and *Uncommon* Sight,
 Making our journal gay and pleasant,
 With things long past, and things now present,

Rivers — once NYMPHS — (*a Transformation*
 Is mighty pretty in Relation)
 From *great Authorities*, we know,
 Will matter for a *Tale* bestow.
 To make the observation clear,
 We give our Friends an instance here.

The DAY (*that never is forgot*)
 Was *very fine*, but *very hot* ;
 The NYMPH (another gen'ral rule)
 Enflam'd with heat, laid down to cool ;
 Her *Hair* (we no exceptions find)
Wav'd careless floating in the wind ;
 Her *heaving breasts*, like *Summer seas*,
Seem'd am'rous of the *playful breeze*.
 Should *fond DESCRIPTION* tune our lays
 In *choicest* accents to her praise,
 DESCRIPTION we at last should find,
 Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
 NATURE had form'd her to inspire
 In ev'ry bosom soft desire,
Passions to raise she could not feel,
Wounds to inflict she would not heal.
 A GOD (his name is no great matter,
 Perhaps a JOVE, perhaps a SATYR)
 Raging with *Lust*, a GODLIKE flame,
 By Chance, *as usual*, thither came :
 With gloting eyes the Fair-one view'd,
 Desir'd her first, and then pursu'd ;
She (for what other can she do)
 Must fly — or how can He pursue ?

The

The *Muse* (so Custom hath decreed)
 Now proves her Spirit by her speed,
 Nor must one *limping* line disgrace
 The life and vigour of the Race.
 SHE RUNS, AND HE RUNS, 'till at length
 Quite destitute of Breath and strength,
 To *Heav'n* (for there we *all* apply
 For help, when there's no other nigh)
 She offers up her *Virgin* Pray'r,
 (Can *Virgins* pray unpitied there?)
 And when the God thinks He has caught her,
 Slips thro' his hands, and runs to water,
 Becomes a *Stream*, in which the POET,
 If He has any Wit, may shew it.

A City once for Pow'r renown'd,
 Now levell'd even to the ground,
 Beyond all doubt is a direction
 To introduce some *fine* reflexion.

Ah, woeful me! Ah, woeful Man!
Ah! woeful All, do all we can!
 Who can on earthly things depend
 From one to t'other moment's end?
 HONOUR, WIT, GENIUS, WEALTH, and GLORY,
Good lack! good lack! are transitory,
 Nothing is sure and stable found,
 The very *Earth* itself turns round.
Monarchs, nay MINISTERS must die,
 Must rot, must stink——*Ah, me! ah, why!*
Cities themselves in Time decay,
 If *Cities* thus——*Ah, well-a-day!*
 If *Brick* and *Mortar* have an end,
 On what can *Flesh* and *Blood* depend?
Ah woeful me! Ah woeful Man!
Ah, woeful All, do All we can.

The

The prodigies which follow'd the blast of the *Trump*,

————— the same
Which from the first belong'd to Fame;
An *old ill-favour'd* Instrument,
With which the Goddess was content,
Though under a *politer* race,
Bagpipes might well supply its place —

are poetically imagin'd, and humorously described; and the effects which the sound had upon PHYSIC, ELOCUTION, FORM, AVARICE and CREDIT, are set forth with much Spirit, and in as strong Numbers, as the Measure the Author has here chosen, can possibly admit of.

As an instance of fine Satyr, and genuine Humour, the reader will accept with pleasure, the following *interesting* Dialogue, which closes the Poem:

Great DULLMAN from his bed arose——
Thrice did he spit——thrice wip'd his nose——
Thrice strove to smile——thrice strove to frown——
And thrice look'd up——and thrice look'd down——
Then Silence broke——CRAPE, who am I?
CRAPE bow'd, and smil'd an arch reply,
Am I not, CRAPE; I am, you know,
Above all those who are below?
Have I not knowledge? and for *Wit*,
Money will always purchase it,
Nor, if it needful should be found,
Will I grudge ten, or twenty Pound,
For which the whole stock may be bought
Of *scoundrel wits* not worth a Groat.
But lest I should proceed too far,
I'll feel my Friend *the Minister*,
(Great Men, CRAPE, must not be neglected)
How he in this point is affected,

For, as I stand a magistrate
 To serve him first, and next the State,
 Perhaps He may not think it fit
 To let *his* magistrates have wit.

Boast I not, at this very hour,
 Those large effects which troop with pow'r?
 Am I not mighty in the land?
 Do not I sit, whilst others stand?
 Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
 In seat of honour always plac'd?
 And do not *Cits* of chief degree,
 Tho' proud to others, bend to me?

Have I not, as a JUSTICE ought,
 The laws such wholesome rigour taught,
 That *Fornication*, in disgrace,
 Is now afraid to shew her face,
 And not one Whore these walls approaches
 Unless They ride in our own coaches?
 And shall *this* FAME, an *old poor* Strumpet,
 Without our Licence, sound her Trumpet,
 And, envious of our City's quiet,
 In broad Day-light blow up a Riot?
 If insolence like this we bear,
 Where is our State? our office where?
 Farewell all honours of our reign,
 Farewell the Neck-enobling CHAIN,
 Freedom's *known* badge o'er all the globe,
 Farewell the solemn-spreading ROBE,
 Farewell the SWORD,——farewell the MACE,
 Farewell all TITLE, POMP, and PLACE.
 Remov'd from Men of high degree,
 (A loss to *them*, CRAPE, not to *Me*)
 Banish'd to CHIPENHAM, or to FROME,
 DULLMAN once more shall ply the Loom.

CRAPE, lifting up his hands and eyes,
 DULLMAN—the *Loom*—at CHIPENHAM—cries,

If there be Pow'rs which greatness love,
Which *rule below*, but *dwell above*,
Those Pow'rs united all shall join
To contradict the rash design.

Sooner shall stubborn WILL lay down
His opposition with his *Gown*,
Sooner shall TEMPLE leave the road
Which leads to VIRTUE's *mean* abode,
Sooner shall SCOTS this Country quit,
And ENGLAND's Foes be Friends to PITT,
Than DULLMAN, from his grandeur thrown,
Shall wander out-cast, and unknown.

Sure as that *Cane* (a *Cane* there stood
Near to a *Table*, made of *Wood*,
Of *dry fine* Wood a Table made
By some rare artist in the trade,
Who had enjoy'd immortal praise
If he had liv'd in HOMER's days.)
Sure as that *Cane*, which once was seen,
In pride of life, all fresh and green,
The banks of INDUS to adorn;
Then, of its leafy honours shorn,
According to exactest rule,
Was fashion'd by the workman's tool;
And which at present we behold
Curiously polish'd, crown'd with *gold*,
With gold *well-wrought*, sure as that *Cane*
Shall never on its native plain
Strike root afresh; shall never more
Flourish on Tawny INDIA's shore,
So sure shall DULLMAN and his race
To latest times, this station grace.

DULLMAN, who all this while had kept
His eye-lids clos'd, as if He slept,

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Now, looking stedfastly on CRAPE,
As at some God in human shape ——
CRAPE, I protest, you seem to me
To have discharg'd a Prophecy,
Yes —— from the first it doth appear,
Planted by FATE, the DULLMANS *here*
Have always held a quiet reign,
And *here* shall to the last remain.

CRAPE, they're all wrong about this *Ghost* ——
Quite on the wrong side of the Post ——
Blockheads! to take *it* in their head,
To be a message from the dead,
For that by *Mission* they design,
A word not half so good as mine.
CRAPE —— *here* it is —— start not one doubt ——
A *Plot* —— a *Plot* —— I've found it out.

O GOD! — cries CRAPE, — how blest the nation,
Where one Son boasts such penetration.

CRAPE, I've not time to tell you now,
When I discover'd this, or *how* ;
To STENTOR go —— if he's not there,
His place let *Bully* NORTON bear ——
Our Citizens to Council call ——
Let *All* meet —— 'tis the cause of *All*.
Let the three Witnesses attend
With *Allegations* to besfriend,
To swear just so much, and no more,
As We instruct them in before.

Stay — CRAPE — come back — what, don't you see
Th' effects of this discovery ?
DULLMAN all care and toil endures ——
The Profit, CRAPE, will all be *Yours*.
A *Mitre*, (for, this arduous task
Perform'd, they'll grant whate'er I ask)

A *Mitre* (and perhaps the best)
 Shall thro' my Interest make thee blest.
 And at this time, when *gracious* FATE
 Dooms to the *Scot* the reins of State,
 Who is more fit (and for your use
 We could some instances produce)
 Of ENGLAND's *Church* to be the *Head*,
 Than You, a *Presbyterian* bred.
 But when thus mighty you are made,
 Unlike the Brethren of thy trade,
 Be grateful, CRAPE, and let Me not,
 Like *Old NEWCASTLE*, be forgot.

But an Affair, CRAPE, of this size,
 Will ask from Conduct vast supplies ;
 It must not, as the Vulgar say,
 Be done in *Hugger Mugger* way.
 Traitors indeed (and that's discreet)
 Who hatch the Plot, in private meet ;
 They should in Public go, no doubt,
 Whose business is to find it out.

To-morrow——if the day appear
 Likely to turn out fair and clear ——
 Proclaim a *Grand Processionade* ——
 Be all the City Pomp display'd,
 Let the *Train-bands* —— CRAPE shook his head ——
 They heard the Trumpet, and were fled ——
 Well —— cries the Knight —— if that's the case,
My Servants shall supply their place ——
My Servants —— *mine alone* —— no more
 Than what *my Servants* did before ——
 Dost not remember, CRAPE, that day,
 When, DULLMAN's grandeur to display,
 As all too simple, and too low,
 Our City Friends were thrust below,
 Whilst, as more worthy of our Love,
 Courtiers were entertain'd above ?

Tell

Tell me who waited then? and how?

My Servants——*mine*——and why not now?

In hast then, CRAPE, to STENTOR go——

But send up HART, who waits below,

With him, till You return again

(Reach me my *Spectacles* and *Cane*)

I'll make a proof how I advance in

My new accomplishment of *dancing*.

Not quite so fast as Lightning flies,

Wing'd with *red* anger, thro' the skies;

Not quite so fast as, sent by JOVE,

IRIS descends on wings of Love;

Not quite so fast as TERROR rides,

When He the chafing winds bestrides;

CRAPE Hobbled——but his mind was good——

Cou'd he go faster than He cou'd?

Near to that *Tow'r*, which, as we're told,

The mighty JULIUS rais'd of old,

Where, to the Block, by Justice led,

The *Rebel* SCOT hath often bled,

Where Arms are kept so clean, so bright,

'Twere Sin they should be soil'd in fight,

Where Brutes of *foreign* race are shewn

By Brutes much greater of *our own*,

Fast by the crouded *Thames*, is found

An ample square of sacred ground,

Where artless *Eloquence* presides,

And *Nature* ev'ry sentence guides.

Here *Female Parliaments* debate

About Religion, Trade, and State,

Here ev'ry NAIAD's Patriot soul,

Disdaining *Foreign* base controul,

Despising *French*, despising *Erse*,

Pours forth the *plain Old English* Curse,

And

And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
The Honours of the *Vulgar Tongue*.

Here, STENTOR, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out Law.
Twelve Furlongs off each dreadful word
Was plainly and distinctly heard,
And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd, and swell'd the mighty sound.
The loudest Virgin of the stream,
Compar'd with *him*, would silent seem ;
'THAMES (who, enrag'd to find his course
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Against the Bridge indignant roars,
And lashes the resounding shores)
Compar'd with *him*, at lowest Tide,
In softest whispers seems to glide.

Hither directed by the noise,
Swell'd with the hope of future joys,
Thro' too much zeal and haste made lame,
The *Rev'rend* slave of DULLMAN came.

STENTOR — with such a serious air,
With such a face of *solemn* care,
As might import him to contain
A Nation's welfare in his brain —
STENTOR — cries CRAPE — I'm hither sent
On business of most high intent,
Great DULLMAN's orders to convey ;
DULLMAN commands, and I obey.
Big with those throes which Patriots feel,
And lab'ring for the commonweal,
Some secret, which forbids him rest,
Tumbles and *Tosses* in his breast,
Tumbles and *Tosses* to get free ;
And thus the Chief commands by Me :

To-

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To-morrow — if the Day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear —
Proclaim a *Grand Processionade* —
Be all the City Pomp display'd —
Our Citizens to Council call —
Let *All* meet — 'tis the Cause of *All*.

It is indeed a difficult Task to speak critically of Friend or Foe. Our opinions, in either case, will naturally incur the suspicion of Partiality. But, if familiar Ease and manly Strength, a happy Invention and rich Expression, fine Satire and delicate Panegyric, uniting in the same Poem, can insure Success, the approbation of friendship will receive its sanction from the concurrence of the Public. Satire, tho' the *worst-natur'd* of the Muses, claims all our Author's attention: To her he bows, nor is afraid to declare his resolution.

Hated by many, lov'd by few,
Above each little private view,
Honest, tho' poor, and who shall dare
To disappoint my boasting there?
Hardy and resolute, tho' weak,
The dictates of my heart to speak,
Willing I bend at SATIRE's throne;
What power I have, be all her own.

Nor shall yon *Lawyer's* specious Art,
Conscious of a corrupted Heart,
Create imaginary Fear
To damp us in our bold Career.
Why should we fear? and What? — the Laws?
They all are armed in Virtue's cause.
And aiming at the self-same End,
Satire is always Virtue's Friend.

In

In the course of this Poem, there are many instances of *classical* Burlesque imitation, as in the description of the *golden-headed cane*, and the account of the Prodigies at the sound of FAME's trumpet, when

CONFUSION thro' the City past,
And FEAR bestrode the dreadful Blast.

Those *fragrant Currents* which we meet
Distilling soft thro' ev'ry street,
Affrighted from their usual course,
Ran *murmuring* upwards to their source ;
Statues wept Tears of blood, as fast
As when a CÆSAR breath'd his last;
Horses, which always us'd to go
A *foot-pace* in my *Lord Mayor's Show*,
Impetuous from their stable broke,
And ALDERMEN, and OXEN spoke.

HALLS felt the force, *Tow'rs* shook around,
And Steeples nodded to the ground :
St. PAUL, himself (strange sight) was seen
To bow as humbly as the *Dean*.
The *Mansion-house*, for ever plac'd
A Monument of *City Taste*,
Trembled, and seem'd aloud to groan,
Thro' all that hideous weight of stone.

To still the sound, or stop her ears,
Remove the cause or sense of fears,
PHYSIC, in *College* seated high,
Would any thing but *Med'cine* try:
No more in PEWT'ER'S-HALL was heard
The proper force of ev'ry word,
Those seats were desolate become,
And hapless ELOCUTION dumb.

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FORM, *City-born*, and *City-bred*,
 By strict *Decorum* ever led,
 Who threescore years had known the grace
 Of *one, dull, stiff, unvaried* pace ;
 TERROR prevailing over PRIDE,
 Was seen to take a larger stride ;
 Worn to the bone, and cloath'd in rags,
 See AV'RICE closer hug his bags ;
 With her own weight unwieldy grown,
 See CREDIT totter on her Throne ;
 VIRTUE alone, had She been there,
 The mighty found, unmov'd, could bear.

These kind of allusions, will not perhaps relish with the Taste of this *simple* Age, which prefers a dull Parody, from oftentimes an insipid Antient, to the strongest efforts of Genius in an unfortunate Modern. However, minute Observers will not be entirely disappointed in this Work ; by the help of Critical spectacles, in the course of thirteen hundred Verses, or more, they may be able to discover a weak line, and sometimes perhaps a harsh one. Such now and then negligences, incidental to all Poems of length, will nevertheless meet with that indulgence from the Public, which none but the most fastidious reader would deny. It is probable too, that our Author will be charged with the borrowing a Simile from a brother Satirist, the *Earl* of DORSET. The Reader will not be displeased at seeing the parallel Passages ; and the Author of the Ghost will not be injured by the comparison. This Simile, which is happily introduced, and elegantly supported, is as follows :

Who, Champion sworn in Virtue's cause,
 'Gainst Vice his *tiny bodkin* draws,
 But to no part of *Prudence* stranger,
 First blunts the point for fear of Danger.

So Nurses sage, as Caution works,
When Children first use knives and forks,
For fear of mischief, it is known,
To other's fingers, or their own,
To take the edge off, wisely chuse,
Tho' the same stroke takes off the Use.

And the Earl of Dorset, in his Poem to Mr. Howard,
expresses himself thus,

“ Carry great burthens, till your shoulders shrink,
“ But curst be He, that gives thee Pen and Ink ;
“ Such dangerous weapons should be kept from fools,
“ As *Nurses* from their children keep edge tools.”

In some parts of this Poem, it were to be wished the Personal attacks were less violent. But Wits, like Potentates, will sometimes go to battle for mere trifles ; and a paper war is the cause of as much *inkshed*, and as detrimental to both Parties, as a Chancery Suit. From being unwilling to allow our rival all the Merit he fancies himself possessed of, we are disposed to grant him none at all ; and the names of *Dunce*, *Fool*, and *Blockhead*, are liberally bandied about from one to the other, with perhaps very little reason on either side.

Εἰσι γὰρ ἐν Μένωνι Εἰρηναί.

“ Warm Passions (says the learned Editor of the
“ Life of ERASMUS) and a lively imagination, dispose
“ men to Panegyric and Satire ; but *nimum nec*
“ *laudare, nec lædere*, that is, *neither to deify, nor*
“ *duncify*, seems to be no bad rule for those who would
“ wish to act consistently, and live quietly.

C R E S S Y.

FORGIVE, thou lovely Isis, lovelier seen
 In Phœbus' Eye, than erst the fabled stream
 Of silver Castaly, and fam'd as that
 Which flow'd Minerva's City fast beside,
 Ilyssus, nurse of Science : O forgive,
 Kind Parent, if on deeds of loudest fame
 I musing, now thy gentle Naiads daunt
 With battle's din ; and teach thy peaceful Shore
 To echo sounds full warlike : for the Muse,
 Fair handmaid, ever there delights to soar
 Where glory calls, undaunted ; she nor dreads
 The valour-breathing Trump, nor the grim front
 Of wasteful War : And 'mid the thickest fight
 Directs her way, secure, o'er CRESSY's plain,
 With slaughter delug'd ; studious to rehearse,
 In strains ill-suited such heroic Deeds,
 Thy Fame, O Britain ! and with laurel Wreaths
 (The Meed of mighty conquerors) adorn
 Brave EDWARD's youthful brow. An argument
 Nor low, nor mean ; but such as well might fit
 Virgilian numbers, or the Bard who sung
 Triumphant Greece. — The golden-footed Morn
 Stept from the chambers of the East, and saw
 Both armies in array : Here PHILIP rear'd
 His num'rous banners ; there, a chosen few,
 Encampt the British strength : with anxious care
 Went EDWARD early forth ; and at his side,
 (In youthful grace how amiable !) led
 His darling son, who in Effulgence mild
 Shone like the morning star. The prudent chief,
 With winning Courtesy, from rank to rank
 Travers'd : — “ Go forth, with valour arm'd, he cry'd,
 “ Such

“ Such as e’er now these Eyes well pleas’d beheld
 “ Wond’ring, what time with me ye dar’d oppose,
 “ Affailing troops, while red with hostile blood,
 “ Flow’d frighted SEYNE along, and conscious bore
 “ The bloody tidings to LUTETIA’s Walls.
 “ Go forth, my gallant Countrymen, and take
 “ This faithful token of your EDWARD’s love,
 “ A Father’s rising Hope : with glorious deeds,
 “ O may he emulate the deathless praise
 “ His Sires, heroic Souls ! have gain’d ; nor doubt,
 “ Nothing degenerate, to pursue the paths,
 “ Where fair Renown, and Thou, my Country, call ;
 “ That men henceforth with silent joy may see,
 “ How far the Son excels his Father’s fame.
 “ O THOU, (and here in suppliant mood he bow’d
 “ Full low) who weighest in thy golden scales
 “ The fate of Realms, by whose almighty nod,
 “ A Nation’s Glory rises, or declines,
 “ O now, if EDWARD’s pray’rs have pow’r to move,
 “ If BRITAIN’s welfare is thy care, O Heaven,
 “ Look down, not inauspicious.” At his words
 Ev’n frozen Cowardice grew warm, and glow’d
 With valour not its own to meet in war,
 All in dread expectation burnt, all breath’d
 Deliberate Courage, and to Heaven prefer’d
 A silent Pray’r — nor long e’er they beheld
 The pride of FRANCE, with distant Nations leagu’d,
 Their gaudy War far glitt’ring, onward move
 In trim array. The Sun with beams direct,
 Play’d on their burnish’d arms ; beneath their feet,
 Earth shook ; nor less than with victorious might,
 To crush at once BRITANNIA, and impose
 Their galling yoke on EDWARD’s royal neck,
 Imagin’d They. But Heav’n to rapid winds
 Scatter’d their airy hopes : tho’ martial Trumps
 ’Gan blow ; bright falchions, waving to the Sun,
 Gleam’d horrible ; and, wing’d with certain death,

Thick

Thick show'rs of Arrows whistled thro' the Air,
 Dark'ning the face of Day: in closer Fight
 Anon they mix, and foe encounter foe
 Furious; fierce was the conflict, dire the sound
 Of clashing Arms, the while with raven wings
 HORROR sat brooding o'er the mingled War.

Mean time the ROYAL PRUDENCE (in design
 If Britain's strength might chance in hasty flight,
 O'erpower'd, retire, to rush with new Supplies,
 And turn the die of battle) from the fray,
 Lodg'd on a neighbour Hill apart, and saw,
 With anxious joy he saw, where high in Air
 Nodded young EDWARD's gallant Plume: such seems
 To passing Sailors on Norwegian hill,
 Some lofty pine, that rears its leafy top,
 Tow'ring, and wavers gayly to the wind.

Fierce burns the combat, and impartial Death
 Wide rages: here in streams of bloodshed roll'd
 Horseman and Steed; there some, in life's last gasp
 Hard struggling, with thick sobs, implore, unheard,
 Some absent Friend: now falls a beauteous youth,
 Like a fair flow'r nipt in its earliest bloom,
 Drooping, and cheats a poor fond parent's hopes.
 Next one, while haply now his wife among
 The darling pledges of connubial love
 (A Wife, alas! no more!) in kind concern,
 Still Heav'n with vows unceasing loads, still chides
 The ling'ring Hours, that give not to return
 Her Soul's best half: how fond her hopes! her pray'r
 How impotent! for he, by EDWARD slain,
 Now bleeds on CRESSY's field a breathless corse.

As when, embowel'd with sulphureous storm,
 Yawns wide VESUVIO, and convulsive bursts
 Its nitrous Jaws, the steepy slope amain,

A burning cataract, with hideous roar,
Pours down, and smoaks along the vale below —
Nor less bold EDWARD, 'mid the thickest fight,
Rush'd here and there impetuous : Him DISMAY
Follow'd, and ROUT, and SLAUGHTER, with dire
HAVOCK

Gorging her blood-swol'n maw. — Ah ! gallant youth,
Ah ! check thy boundless heat, nor tempt thy fate,
Too prodigal of Life ! What madness drives ?
Where rushest thou ? See'st not those hostile ranks,
Full bent on fatal purpose, hem thee round ?
See'st not yon ruffian Arm, with deathful Aim,
Now meditates its Stroke, that in mid Air
Hangs e'er it lights ? But lo ! with winged aid,
The brave NORTHAMPTON comes, and turns aside,
In lucky hour, the ling'ring blow, e'er yet
It robb'd a Nation of its richest gem.

At length, so Heav'n (BRITANNIA's watchful Guard)
Ordain'd, the foe retreats. This shameful flight,
Brook'd not the val'rous PHILIP, and aloud, —

“ What ! shall these thin-rank'd *Islanders* defeat
“ The might of Nations, in one army leagu'd
“ Resistless ? Shall confed'rate Europe fly
“ The beardless visage of a British boy ?
“ Shame on your dastard Souls !” Nor more he spoke,
Looking indignant haughtiness, and rush'd
Impatient on. In cowardly delay

Nought linger'd they ; but with fresh ardor fir'd,
And Shame's acuter sense, renew'd the fight,
Unfortunately brave : for still untir'd,
ENGLAND and EDWARD's arm prevail'd ; and dealt
Havock abroad ; nor rested, till the night
Shelter'd the vanquish'd in her murky shade.

Who can relate the Slaughter of that day
Dry-ey'd ? not only men of low degree,
Then bit the plain, but Senators and Chiefs,
Choice flow'r of Europe, in the dust defil'd

Their

Their glitt'ring helms. Nor THEE ought then avail'd,
 Thou scepter'd warrior (that ere now was wont
 To chase the bristly boar, where ALBIS flows
 Irriguous thro' BOHEMIA's woody Coasts)
 The hoary Reverence of declining life.
 Yet O ! thou brave old Man (if ought the dead
 Such gifts regard) accept the genuine tear
 Of hostile woe ; and let a foreign Muse,
 Still mindful of the brave, who nobly dare
 To purchase Honour, at th' expence of Life,
 Scatter green laurels on thy sacred Tomb.

Now tow'rd's their Camp the British squadrons move
 Victorious, while to many a jocund measure,
 Play'd the shrill flageolet, and loud tone
 Of echoing clarion, and the softer breath
 Of mellow flute, with every chearing sound,
 In dulcit symphony. Above the rest,
 In graceful dignity, mov'd EDWARD on
 Sublime ; nor less acclaim'd than He, who crush'd,
 In early youth, the Carthaginian Pride,
 SCIPIO, the thunderbolt of War. His Name
 All hail'd, his Godlike image all admir'd,
 And saw how passing lovely Virtue is
 Then, when she shines in Beauty's garb array'd.
 O say ! (for how can mimic fancy paint
 What she ne'er felt) Whoe'er ye be, that know
 How vast a blessing is a Son adorn'd
 With each fair talent, each endearing gift,
 To make him lovely in the Eyes of Men ;
 O say, ye favour'd few, what rapturous joy,
 (For Ye have felt) then thrill'd thro' EDWARD's veins,
 Then when he flew to clasp in fond Embrace
 His Soul's best darling ! on the glorious Youth
 His wreaths victorious crown'd, he fed his eye
 Unsatisfy'd, and all the Father wept in ecstasy.

Happiest

Happiest of men, if here the wheel of fate
 Would rest: but O how changeful is the die
 Of human Happiness! How blind is man
 To that which is to come! at random tost,
 Like leaves in Autumn, scatter'd to and fro,
 The sport of Winds! Amid the road of life,
 Unnumber'd ills in secret ambush lurk
 Unseen, and rush with sudden fall forth
 On the poor wand'ring weary traveller,
 In hour suspected least. O wretched Sire,
 There wretched most, where most thou deem'dst thee
 blest!

Thou ween'st alas how little! that e'er long
 A day shall come, a mournful day, when Thou,
 Surviving what a poor fond Father held
 In Cite most precious, o'er thy EDWARD's tomb
 Shall join the public moan, and pine away
 Still comfortless, nor know a pause from grief:
 When Thou, just on the extremest edge of Life
 Trembling, by sad experience shall confess,
 How fond the Hopes of Happiness till Death,
 How vain is human greatness, and impart
 A moral lesson to the pride of Kings.

E.

TO CHLOE.

IF CHLOE seek one verse of mine
 I call not on the tuneful Nine
 With useless Invocation.
 Enough for Me that *She* should ask;
 I fly with pleasure to the Task,
 And Her's the Inspiration.

When Poets sung in antient Days,
 The Muses that inspir'd their Lays,

I

Of

Of whom there such Parade is ;
 Their Deities, let Pride confess,
 Were nothing more, and nothing less,
 Than earth-born mortal Ladies.

Did any Nymph her subject chuse ?
 She strait commenc'd inspiring MUSE ;
 And every Maid, of lovely Face,
 That struck the Heart of wounded Swain,
 Exalted to yon starry Plain,
 Was register'd a GRACE.

These were the Compliments of old,
 While Nymphs, among the Gods enroll'd,
 Claim'd Love's obsequious Duty ;
 Thus, while each Bard had favourite Views,
 Each Nymph became a GRACE, or MUSE,
 A VENUS every Beauty.

Say, in these later Days of ours,
 When Love exerts his usual Powers,
 What difference lies between us ?
 In CHLOE's self at once I boast,
 What Bards of every Age might toast,
 A MUSE, A GRACE, a VENUS.

In CHLOE are a thousand charms,
 Though Envy call her sex to arms,
 And giggling Girls may flout her,
 The MUSE inhabits in her Mind,
 A VENUS in her form we find,
 The GRACES all about her.

R.

To

To the M O O N.

By — — Esq.

ALL hail ! majestic Queen of Night,
 Bright Cynthia ! sweetest Nymph, whose presence brings
 The pensive pleasures, calm delight,
 While Contemplation smooths her ruffled wings,
 Which Folly's vain tumultuous joys,
 Or business, care, and buzz of lusty day
 Have all too ruffled. — Hence, away
 Stale Jest, and flippant Mirth, and Strife-engend'ring
 Noise.

When Evening dons her mantle grey,
 I'll wind my solitary way,
 And hie me to some lonely grove
 (The haunt of Fancy and of Love)
 Whose social branches, far outspread,
 Possess the mind with pleasing dread.
 While Cynthia quivers thro' the trees
 That wanton with the summer breeze,
 And the clear brook, or dimpl'd stream,
 Reflects oblique her dancing beam.
 How often, by thy silver light,
 Have Lovers tongues beguil'd the Night ?
 When forth the happy pair have stray'd,
 The amorous swain and tender maid,
 And as they walk'd the groves along,
 Cheer'd the still Eve with various song.
 While ev'ry Artful strain confess
 The mutual Passion in their breast.
 To lovers hours fly swift away,
 And Night reluctant yields to Day.

Thrice happy Nymph, thrice happy Youth,
 When Beauty is the meed of Truth !

Yet not the happy Loves alone,
 Has thy celestial presence known.
 To thee complains the Nymph forlorn,
 Of broken faith, and Vows forsworn ;
 And the dull Swain, with folded Arms,
 Still musing on his false one's charms,
 Frames many a sonnet to her name,
 (As Lovers use to express their flame)
 Or pining wan with thoughtful care,
 In downcast silence feeds Despair ;
 Or when the Air dead stillness keeps,
 And Cynthia on the water sleeps ;
 Charms the dull ear of sober night,
 With loveborn Music's sweet delight.

Oft as thy Orb perform its round,
 Thou list'nest to the various sound
 Of Shepherds hopes and Maidens fears
 (Those conscious Cynthia silent hears
 While Echo which still loves to mock,
 Bears them about from Rock to Rock.)

But shift we now the pensive Scene,
 Where Cynthia silvers o'er the green.
 Mark yonder Spot, whose equal rim
 Forms the green circle quaint and trim ;
 Hither the Fairies blith advance,
 And lightly trip in mazy dance ;
 Beating the panic-paven ground
 In frolic measures round and round ;
 These Cynthia's Revels gayly keep,
 While lazy mortals snore asleep ;
 Whom oft they visit in the night,
 Not visible to human sight ;
 And as old prattling Wives relate,
 Though now the fashion's out of date,
 Drop sixpence in the Housewife's shoe,
 And pinch the Slattern black and blue.

They

They fill the mind with airy schemes,
And bring the Ladies pleasant dreams.

Who knows not Mab, whose chariot glides,
And athwart men's noses rides ?
While OBERON, blith Fairy, trips,
And hovers o'er the Ladies Lips ;
And when he steals ambrosial blifs,
And soft imprints the charming Kifs,
In Dreams the Nymph her swain pursues,
Nor thinks 'tis OBERON that woes.

Ye sportive Youth, and lovely Fair,
From hence, my Lesson read, beware,
While Innocence and Mirth preside,
We care not where the Fairies glide ;
And OBERON will never miss
To greet his fav'rites with a Kifs ;
Nor ever more Ambrosia sips,
Than when he visits ——'s Lips!

When all things else in silence sleep,
The blithsome Elfs their vigils keep ;
And always hover round about,
To find our worth or frailties out.
Receive with joy these Elfin sparks,
Their Kisses leave no tell-tale Marks,
But breathe fresh beauty o'er the face,
Where all is Virtue, all is grace.

Not only elfin Frays delight
To hail the sober Queen of Night,
But that sweet Bird, whose gurgling Throat
Warbles the thick melodious note,
Duly as Evening Shades prevail,
Renews her soothing love-born tale.
And as the Lover pensive goes,
Chaunts out her symphony of Woes.

Which

Which in boon Nature's wilder tone,
 Beggar all sounds which Art has known.

But hift — the melancholy bird
 Among the Groves no more is heard ;
 And Cynthia pales her silver ray
 Before th' approach of golden Day,
 Which on yon mountain's misty height,
 Stands tiptoe with his gladfome Light.
 Now the shrill Lark in æther floats,
 And carols wild her liquid notes ;
 While Phœbus, in his lusty pride,
 His flaring beams flings far and wide.
 Cynthia farewell — the pensive Muse,
 No more her feeble flight pursues,
 But all unwilling takes her way,
 And mixes with the buzz of Day.

S O N G.

THE Beauty which the Gods bestow,
 Did they give it but for a show ?
 No — 'twas lent thee from above,
 To shed its Lustre o'er thy face,
 And with its pure and native grace
 To charm the Soul to Love.

The flaunting Sun, whose western beams,
 This Evening drink of Oceans streams,
 To-morrow springs to Light.
 But when thy Beauty sets, my Fair,
 No morrow shall its beams repair,
 'Tis all eternal Night.

See too, my Love, the virgin Rose,
How sweet, how bashfully it blows
Beneath the vernal skies !
How soon it blooms in full display,
Its bosom opening to the Day,
Then withers, shrinks, and dies.

Of Mortal-Life's declining Hour,
Such is the Leaf, the Bud, the Flow'r;
Then crop the Rose in Time.
Be blest and bless, and kind impart
The just return of Heart for Heart,
Ere Love becomes a Crime.

To Pleasure then, my Charmer, haste,
And ere thy Youth begins to waste,
Ere beauty dims its ray,
The proffer'd gift of Love employ,
Improve each moment into Joy,
Be happy, whilst you may.

O.

The OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

On the Opening of the THEATRE-ROYAL in
COVENT-GARDEN.

Written and spoken by Mr. SMITH.

WELCOME, once more, kind Friends, to
this our Inn :

But, ere with our Collation we begin,
I'm sent to make each gentle Guest acquainted,
This House is newly furnish'd, gilt, and painted.

And

And, for the *Mind's Repast* as well as *Show*,
 Fresh Stock of Wit laid in by BEARD and Co.
 Provisions, of each Sort, attend your Call ;
 Such as, we humbly hope, will please you all.
 We know you differ something in your Palate ;
 But all love English Beef, tho' few — French Sallad.
 Look thro' our Larder, you shall find no Flaw ;
 We wou'd give Game — but that's against the Law.
 Then while within for Supper they prepare,
 Permit me to present a Bill of Fare :

To Friends above, those honest, laughing Folks,
 We'll give rich Humour, and high-season'd Jokes ;
 To you, who occupy the middle Station,
 Long-train'd Processions, and a Coronation ;
 To you, nice Critics, in the learned Pit,
 Keen Satire, solid Sense, and lively Wit.
 And, since to please throughout our Wish and Trade is,
 With a distressful Tale we'll gain the Ladies ;
 Nay, for their Sakes, each other Charm we'll try,
 And treat with Love, and sweet Variety.
 But, Jest apart — We'll vary ev'ry Scene,
 To chase your Vapours, and divert your Spleen :
 If Shakespear's rapid Fire, or Otway's Woe,
 Or the smooth Music of harmonious Rowe,
 Can warm your Fancy, or your Heart engage
 To melt with Love, or glow with gen'rous Rage,
 We'll strain each Faculty, exert each Power,
 And cull the Sweets from ev'ry Poet's Flower.
 This our chief Labour, and our only Plan,
 To gain your Smiles and Favours — if we can.

Though

Though the Author, in his PUFF, disclaims any Assistance but the Belles Lettres, and chiefly depends upon the MUSES, who are not always in a humor to be propitious to their Suitors ; it is presumed it will be neither unacceptable to him, nor disagreeable to the Reader, to vary the Entertainment, and give the most material Occurrences of the Month, both Foreign and Domestic : We shall therefore begin with an Account of our Operations before the Havannah, taken

From the LONDON-GAZETTE Extraordinary.

Admiralty-Office, September 8.

Copy of a Letter from Sir George Pocock, to Mr. Cleveland, Secretary to the Admiralty, dated on board the Namure off Chorera River, the 14th of July, 1762. Received the 7th of September, 1762, at past Ten at Night.

S I R,

AGREEABLE to my intentions, signified to you by my letter, dated the 26th of May, by the Barbadoes Sloop, (a copy of which is inclosed,) I bore away with the fleet the next afternoon, having, the day before, sent the Bonetta sloop, Captain Holmes, with a Providence pilot on board him, to direct the vessels to their proper stations on the Cuba side, and Bahama Banks, that we might be guided by their signals in our passage. Luckily the next day the Richmond joined us : She had been down the Old Streights to Cayo Sal ; and captain Elphinston had been very diligent and careful in his remarks, going through and returning back, having taken sketches of the land and cayos on both sides. He kept a-head of the fleet, and led us through very well. We passed the narrowest part in the night, between Cape Lobos and Cayo Comfite, keeping good fire lights on each Cayo, for our directions ; and found lord Anson's Spanish chart of the Old Streights, a very just one. The Providence pilot,

who was on board the Bonetta sloop, placed the Trent, captain Lindsay, at the first station on the Cuba side, forty-five leagues to the eastward of where she ought to have been. This occasioned some of the others never to find the Cayos, where they were sent to lie on; but no ill consequence attended it; though we find the pilots in general ignorant of the passage. On the second in the morning, the Alarm and Echo being ordered a head to lie on the Coyo Sal Bank, the former made the signal for seeing five Sail in the N. W. quarter: they both chased, with other ships; and about two in the afternoon, captain Alms, in the Alarm, came up with, and engaged the Thetis, a Spanish frigate of 22 guns, and 180 men, and the Phoenix Storeship, armed for war, of 18 guns, and 75 men; and in three quarters of an hour both struck to her. The Thetis had ten men killed, and fourteen wounded; the Alarm had seven men killed, and ten wounded. A brigantine and two schooners were at first in company with them; one of the latter escaped. They were bound to Sagoa, in the Streights, for timber, for the use of the ships at the Havannah, from whence they had sailed twelve days before. During all the passage through the Old Streights of Bahama, we had fine weather, and little current; and, on the fifth in the evening, got clear through, and saw the Metances. On the sixth in the morning, brought to, about five leagues to the eastward of the Havannah, to issue out directions to the captains of the fleet, and masters of the transports, with regard to landing the army; and having appointed the hon. commodore Keppel, to conduct that part of the service, leaving with him six ships of the line, and some frigates, and having manned the flat-bottomed boats from the fleet, I bore away at two o'clock in the afternoon, with thirteen ships of the line, two frigates, the bomb-vessels, and thirty-six sail of victuallers and storeships, and run
down

down off the harbour, where I saw twelve Spanish ships of the line, and several merchant ships. Next morning I embarked the marines in the boats, and made a feint of landing about four miles to the westward of the Havannah. About the same time, the earl of Albemarle landed with the whole army, without opposition, between the rivers Baca Nao, and Coximar, about six miles to the eastward of the Moro; but there appearing a body of men near the shore, Mr. Keppel ordered the Mercury and Bonetta sloop in shore to scour the beach and woods; and a more considerable body of men appearing afterwards, as if they intended to oppose the earl of Albemarle in passing Coximar river, the commodore ordered captain Hervey in the Dragon, to run in and batter the castle, which, in a short time he silenced; and the army passed over unmolested.

The eighth, I sent two frigates in shore, to sound from as near the Punta Fort as they could, down along the west shore: They found anchoring ground for three leagues down the coast, from twenty to five fathom water, and easy landing for any number of men. This afternoon the enemy sunk one of their large ships of war in the entrance of the harbour, and another early the next morning. The earl of Albemarle having acquainted me that the Cavanaughs (or Hill above the Moro) would be soon attacked, and, to facilitate the measure, desired me to make a diversion on this side; accordingly, the 10th in the evening, I ordered captain Knight, in the Belleisle, to go in and batter the castle of Chorera, and sent the Cerberus, Mercury, Bonetta, and Lurcher, with her, to keep firing in the woods in the night, and embarked all the marines in the boats. The next forenoon, the enemy quitted the fort, and at one o'clock colonel Carleton (quarter-master general) attacked the Cavanaughs, and soon made the enemy retreat down the hill, with little loss on our side. I ordered the three

bomb vessels to anchor this night, to throw shells into the town, which they accordingly performed under cover of the Edgar, Sterling-Castle, and Echo.

On the twelfth, a third ship being sunk in the entrance of the harbour's mouth, which entirely blocked it up, I ordered four ships of the line to continue cruising in the offing, and anchored with the rest off Chorera River, about four miles from the Havannah, which affords us plenty of good water and wood.

Having found it necessary to order eight hundred marines to be formed into two battalions, commanded by the majors Cambell and Collins, lord Albemarle signified his request they might be landed, and encamped on this side : At the same time his lordship ordered a detachment of twelve hundred men over, under the command of colonel Howe ; accordingly they were landed the twenty-fifth, and have proved very serviceable.

Commodore Keppel remains on the east side, at anchor off Coximar river, with such ships of war and transports as we find necessary ; where he constantly keeps a number of seamen on shore, which the earl of Albemarle thinks it necessary to assist the army in landing their cannon and ordnance stores of all kinds, or manning batteries, making fascines, and supplying the army with water from this side, there being no water nor wells on the Cavanaugh, as the weather has been for the greatest part very dry. We have landed the cannon that have been desired, of different calibres, from the ships of war, two mortars from the Thunder Bomb on the east side, and two from the Grenado on this side, with old cables made up for erecting defences, and old canvas for making sand bags, with ammunition, and every other assistance in our power ; and the utmost cordiality and harmony subsists between the two corps.

On the twentieth, the bomb batteries began to play against the Moro ; but the want of earth retarded our
batteries

batteries of cannon from being ready, till the first of this month, when it was thought three large ships would prove serviceable to be placed against the north-east part of the Moro. I therefore ordered for that service, the Dragon, Marlborough, and Cambridge; captain Hervey having readily offered to command the attack, and made very judicious dispositions in placing the three ships. The Sterling-Castle was ordered to lead until the first ship was properly placed, and then to have made sail off; but captain Campbell, not having performed that service agreeable to the orders he received from captain Hervey, he has complained of him, and desired his conduct may be enquired into, which shall be done as soon as the present affairs will permit.

As the ships were to move from the eastward, where Mr. Kepple is stationed (who, in justice to him, I am glad to say, executes the duty intrusted to him with an activity, judgment, and diligence, no one man can surpass) I directed him to superintend the attack, and give captain Hervey his orders to proceed when he saw it convenient: Accordingly, the ships were ordered to weigh the evening of the 30th of June, and next morning went down (captain Hervey having the signal out for the line) the Cambridge, Dragon and Marlborough, were placed as well and as near as their stations would admit of, against a fortress so high as the Moro, with an intention to dismount the guns, as well as beat down the wall. They began to cannonade about eight o'clock; and after keeping a constant fire untill two in the afternoon, the Cambridge was so much damaged in her hull, masts, yards, sails, and rigging, with the loss of many men killed and wounded, that it was thought proper to order her off; and soon after, the Dragon, which had likewise suffered in loss of men and damage in her hull; and it being found that the Marlborough, captain Burnett, could be of no longer service,

service, she was ordered off likewise : The number of the killed and wounded are as follows, to wit :

	Killed.	Wounded.
Dragon ———	16	37
Cambridge ———	24	95
Marlborough —	2	8

The Dragon, on the Water's falling, had touched aground, and was forced to stave her water casks to lighten her, but has received no damage as can be perceived from it. The captains behaved becoming gallant officers, as they expressed great satisfaction in the behaviour of the officers and men under their command : And we have to regret the loss of captain Goostrey, who, though soon killed after the Cambridge brought up, carried her down with the greatest calmness and spirit. Captain Lindsay, of the Trent, supplied his place during the remainder of the action, and approved himself a brave man. I offered him the command of that ship, or of the Temple, or Devonshire, the former being vacant by the death of captain Legge, and the latter by captain Marshall's going into the Cambridge.

The earl of Albemarle signified to me the ships had done incomparably well, having drawn much fire from our batteries, by which means they had an opportunity of dismounting some of the Moro's guns, which played against them.

The Defiance and Hampton-Court being ordered to cruize between Port Mariel and the Bay of Honda, in going down, saw two sail at anchor off Port Mariel harbour, which captain Mackenzie of the Defiance, brought out after some firing had passed : All but twenty men had left them : They were the Venganza frigate of twenty-six guns, and the Marté of eighteen guns, which had been out on a cruize. I sent the Sutherland, Cerberus and Lurcher, to cruize off the Matances, and reconnoitre the bay ; and the Richmond and Alarm to cruize off the Capes St. Antonio and Corientes.

They

They took a schooner on the twenty-second of last month off the west end of Cuba, loaded with coffee from Hispaniola, bound to New Orleans. The cruizers are now all returned without any particular intelligence.

The Alcide, Sutherland, Cerberus, and Ferret Sloop, have joined the fleet since we have been here. The Centaur sprung her mainmast in heaving down; but sir James Douglas (who arrived here the twelfth, with the Jamaica fleet) informs me she will soon be here also.

The Penzance brings the next convoy from Jamaica, which will sail the twenty-fifth instant, and will be reinforced with a ship of the line from hence, to proceed with them to England.

On the thirteenth of last month, captain Walker, of the Lurcher cutter, in going up Chorea River, out of mere curiosity, was killed by the enemy.

The Gazette then gives us a return of the killed, wounded, and missing, in each respective corps, as well officers as rank and file, and makes the total loss as follows, viz.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Officers,	4	13	0
Serjeants,	12	16	1
Drummers,	3	3	4
Rank and File,	176	351	115
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	195	383	120
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>

Admiralty-Office, September 8.

Since the receipt of the above letter last night, captain Urry, of his majesty's sloop Viper, is arrived in Town, who left the Havannah the 18th of July, and reports, that the Guns of the Moro Castle, on the side towards the land, were all silenced, only one being left

left mounted on that side, and the fire had ceased for two days before; and it was intended to storm the place that night, or the night following, for which purpose, all the bags of cotton were taken out of the Jamaica fleet coming home, in order to fill up the ditch.

That he did not hear of the death of any officer of rank in the sea or land service, except captain Goofrey.

Extract of a letter from lord Colvill, dated on board the Northumberland, at Placentia, August 18, 1762.

On the fourteenth I anchored here, where I found the Antelope and Syren, (who arrived here the 22d of July, Captain Greaves, governor of Newfoundland, has been employed in repairing the ruined fortifications of this place, and putting every thing in a posture of defence with all possible diligence, and I have joined with him in his work.

As we have now done every thing for the security of Placentia, which our time and circumstances will admit of, and as I am impatient to get off St. John's, I shall sail with all the ships as soon as possible.

A letter, dated the 3d instant, has been received from captain Brett, commander of his majesty's ship the Torbay, off Brest, giving an account, that on the preceding day, captain Lebras, in the Lion, had taken the Zephyr Frigate of 26 guns, which sailed from Brest on the first, having on board 200 troops, with brass mortars, brass cannon, ammunition, and Stores, bound for St. John's in Newfoundland.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, September 14.

Breslau, Aug. 13. We hear, that in the night between the 7th and 8th, the trenches were opened before Schweidnitz, by 4100 Travailleurs [Labourers] at the distance of about 660 paces from the glacis. The besieged having notice of it by some deserters, began a most terrible cannonade; in spite of which however, the first parrallel was pretty well advanced before day-break,

break, with the loss only of one officer and nine men killed and wounded. The enemy remained quiet till the 8th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, when they sallied out with about eight battalions of regular troops, and 1000 Croats. They made a false attack upon the left, and afterwards fell upon the right flank; and, in their first impetuosity, routed the battalion of Falkenhayn, made the colonel, with some officers, prisoners, and killed and wounded about 100 men: but however, upon lieutenant general Tauensin's ordering a few battalions of infantry immediately to advance with their field pieces, the enemy were obliged to retire into the town, without having been able to do any damage to the works.

It was reported, that the Austrian general Janini was wounded in this attack. The night between the 8th and 9th was spent in perfecting the parallel with its communications, and five batteries of mortars, three of which began to play the same night upon the town. The night betwixt the 9th and 10th was employed in constructing the angle saillant, which will contain two batteries of ten cannon each, to be opened in the night between the 10th and 11th.

It is supposed, that the fortress of Schweidnitz is well provided with every thing for a siege; the garrison is as numerous as the nature of the place will admit; and the commandant, before the town was invested, had the precaution to order such of the inhabitants as were not in a condition to lay in a store of provisions for their subsistence, till the end of September next, to leave the place forthwith.

The different posts occupied in the mountains, by the several corps which form the king of Prussia's camp, are as follow: General Glablentz is posted at Hartsmansdorff, towards Landshut; General Ramin at Waldenburg; General Manteuffel at Barsdorff; General Neuwidt upon the Hills, opposite to the Eul Geburge;

General Mollendorff at Barckersdorff; Prince of Württemberg at Reichenbach; and the Gardes du Corps, with the greatest part of the cavalry, form a chain in the plain from Frankenstein to Kuntzendorff. The head quarters are in the center at Dittmansdorff.

Breslau, Aug. 17. The latest accounts from before Schweidnitz, are of the 14th. In the night between the 13th and 14th, the second parallel was completed, at the distance of 300 paces from the fort; and nine batteries are actually playing. The fire from the town is greatly diminished, many of their cannon having been dismounted by the fire from the trenches. The besieged have made no sortie [sally] worth notice, since the 8th. 'Tis thought the town will surrender in less than a fortnight.

Hague, Sept. 7. The town of Schweidnitz has twice demanded to capitulate, but has been refused, the Prussians being determined to have it at discretion. On the 25th past some of the forts which defend the town were taken, and the sap was carried within fifty paces of another.

Breslau, August 18. We have received advice here of an action between part of the Austrian army, and the corps of the prince of Bevern, encamped at Guttmanndorff near Reichenbach. The prince of Bevern having been attacked on the 16th in the afternoon, by 33 battalions, and 18 regiments of cavalry, under the command of the Austrian generals Laudohn, O'Donel, and Beck; that prince maintained his ground with great bravery, till the king of Prussia arrived in person to his assistance, with eight battalions of infantry, and a strong body of cavalry, dragoons, and hussars. His Prussian majesty immediately attacked the enemy's cavalry, and totally routed them: A great number was killed, and upwards of 1500 made prisoners. The Austrian Generals seeing, by the defeat of the cavalry, the infantry exposed to the greatest dangers, instantly
gave

gave orders to desist from the attack, and retreated towards Silberberg.

It is said, that in this action, Loflow, at the head of his own regiment of Hussars, that of Verner Hussars, and Czetteritz dragoons, attacked and routed eight regiments of Austrian cavalry, by which the rest of that corps were obliged to retire in great confusion. It is likewise reported that marshal Daun was present in the action.

Hague, Sept. 7. The prince of Conde having retired successively, as far back as Friedberg, in order to make a junction with the marshals Soubise and d'Estrees, abandoned even the heights near that town, and marched to Rodheim on the 29th past, on which day the hereditary prince arrived at Wolfersheim. His highness thought it necessary to put general Luckner forward on the 30th to those high grounds, whilst he marched with his main body to Assenheim. On his march, he was informed that a large body of the French were returning towards Friedberg; and being desirous to get before them, he altered his plan, and instead of continuing his march to Assenheim, determined to support general Luckner. He had then no reason to imagine that the prince of Conde had been reinforced, though it afterwards appeared that the grand army of France was at hand to support him. The Hereditary Prince's infantry attacked with the greatest bravery, and in a short time drove the French, who were posted upon the steep mountain called Johannis-berg, into the plain below. Having there been considerably reinforced, the French renewed the attack with advantage, and obliged the Allies to repass the Wetter. In the retreat, the Hereditary prince, who was rallying the troops, was wounded in the hip, but the wound is declared by the surgeons not to be dangerous. Prince Ferdinand, upon the first report of the Hereditary Prince's being engaged, marched with a

considerable part of his army, from his camp at Nidda, to support him, and arrived time enough to prevent the French from pursuing their advantage, which consists in the loss of 700 or 800 men on the part of the Allies, who were made prisoners, and seven small field pieces. The number of killed and wounded on either side is not yet known; but we hear that the count de Guiche was taken by the Allies. The rest of the confederate army came up the next morning, and prince Ferdinand's head quarters were on the first instant at Bingenheim, upon the river Horlof, at a small distance from the French. The only British troops engaged in this action, were, according to the accounts received here, major-general Elliot's dragoons, and the piquets under lord Frederick Cavendish.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Windfor Castle, September 22.

'This day captain Singleton arrived here from Portugal, with the following letter from the marshal count de la Lippe, to the earl of Egremont.

" My Lord,

" I have the honour to acquaint your lordship, that having detached brigadier general Burgoyne, with his regiment, and 17 companies of grenadiers, to make an attack upon Valencia d'Alcantora, (where, according to information, that in all probability was to be depended upon, the enemy had formed large magazines of flour and forage) this officer executed his operation with so much conduct and valour, that having entered the place first, at the head of his own regiment, gallantly conducted by colonel Somerville, sword in hand, and afterwards dislodged the enemy's infantry, after an obstinate resistance, out of the houses; by the valorous behaviour of the British grenadiers, under lord Pultney's command, the Spanish regiment of Seville was entirely destroyed: a major general, one colonel, one captain, five

five lieutenants, three stand of colours, and all the private men were taken that escaped the sword. The information about the magazine proved groundless; but the general officer was to have entered Alentego in a few days, with a considerable corps d'armee, and was then employed in reconnoitering the entrances into that province.

The loss of the British troops, who had the principal share in the affair, is luckily but inconsiderable, and consists in lieutenant Burk of colonel Frederick's, one serjeant, and three private, killed; two serjeants, one drummer, eighteen private, wounded; ten horses killed, and two wounded.

The British troops behaved upon this occasion with as much generosity as courage; and it deserves admiration, that in an affair of this kind, the town and the inhabitants suffered very little; which is owing to the good order brigadier Burgoyne kept up even in the heat of the action.

This success would probably have been attended with more, if circumstances, that could not well be expected, had not retarded the march of 16 Portuguese battalions, and three regiments of cavalry.

The Bearer of this is captain Singleton, who distinguished himself very much in the affair; and I take the liberty to recommend him to your lordship's protection.

I am with great respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's, most obedient,

And most humble Servant.

The Reigning Count de Schambourg Lippe.

Nisa, August 30,
1762.

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DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Extract from Capt. Robe's Journal, bound, in the Ship Greyhound, from Bristol to Africa.

“ON Saturday, August 28, 1762, at five in the morning, saw a sail on our starboard-bow, standing to the eastward. At six ditto, she bore down on us, seeming a large ship. We, in company with the Indian Prince, captain Neilson, hauled our wind to the westward, and made all the sail we could on a wind; it being little wind, the ship in chace rowed up to us. About two in the afternoon she took the Indian Prince; and about eight, she being within half a gun shot of us, our colours were struck. Found her a French frigate of 36 guns, La Modeste, capt. Lewis Simon, from Guinea and Cape Francois, for Marseilles. They rummaged both vessels, taking out and destroying every part of the cargoes and stores of all sorts, rigging, sails, &c. except the oldest top-sails, courses, and fore-stay-sails. Then sunk the Indian Prince, and gave us our ship to carry us home, with captain Cole, and four of his people, belonging to the schooner William and Mary, bound from Salem to Barbadoes, whom they had taken twenty days before. They also in company with two men of war from the Cape, had taken six transport ships, with about 1200 soldiers, part of a convoy from North-America for the Havannah. Night coming on saved the rest, with their convoy, one frigate. They carried their prizes into the Capes.”

The Zephir, a French frigate from Brest to Newfoundland with naval stores, 24 guns, and 250 men, of which 100 are soldiers, is taken by the Lion man of war, captain Le Cras, and sent into Plymouth; the Zephir had ten men killed, and 40 wounded, the Lion had only two men killed; three sail came out of Brest

Brest in company, and the Monmouth was left in chase of one of them.

A gentleman in town has received a letter from his friend in Scotland, in which is the following story :
 “ A wealthy woman in the Highlands had a husband
 “ died last winter, when the snow was very deep, and
 “ they had a long way to carry him, so that he was
 “ kept a week or more. When the snow was melted,
 “ the widow went to kirk, and told the parson she
 “ had three jobs to be done that day, first to bury her
 “ husband, next to baptize her son, and then to marry
 “ her to another gentleman ; which were all accord-
 “ ingly performed that day, amidst a great number of
 “ spectators.”

On the 7th, about two o'clock in the morning, a fire broke out at the back of a stair-case in the press-yard, Newgate, which in a few hours consumed all the apartments in that place, greatly damaged the chapel, and the back part of a house belonging to a stocking-trimmer in Phoenix-Court, Newgate-street. There were two unfortunate prisoners in the rooms which were burnt down, who perished in the flames ; captain Ogle was one (in whose apartments it is thought it first began ;) he was tried some time ago for the murder of the cook of the Vine-tavern, near Dover-street, Piccadilly, and being found a lunatick, was ordered to remain in prison. Thomas Smith was the other unhappy person ; his room was over captain Ogle's ; he was a noted horse-dealer, and committed not long since on suspicion of stealing corn from alderman Masters ; he has left a wife and three children. His wife the night before carried him his whole effects, amounting, it is said, in money and bank bills, to between 5 and 600l. He was heard to call out for help, and seen to put his arm through the iron grate, which was so excessive hot, that it set his shirt on fire, at which time it is imagined he threw his pocket-book out with the
 notes

notes in it, which were saved. In a few minutes after the floor fell in, and they were both buried in the ruins, for it burnt so violently, and the flames spread so fast, that none of the people could get to their assistance. There being plenty of water, the fury of the flames was greatly abated by six, but continued burning till two in the afternoon, when a party wall fell down, but happily did no damage to any one, though a great many persons were very near it. During the confusion, a fire was discovered in a garret in a house the corner of Grey-Fryars, Newgate-street; but the engines being upon the spot, played in at the window, and happily extinguished it with very little damage.

The lord-mayor and sheriffs came about four o'clock in the morning, and gave their orders concerning the prisoners, &c. not one of whom, as we hear, escaped during the confusion, nor were any hurt, except the two unfortunate persons above-mentioned.

On the 23d came on in the theatre at Oxford, the election of a chancellor of that university, in the room of the earl of Westmoreland, deceased; the candidates were, the right hon. the earl of Litchfield, and the right hon. lord Foley; upon casting up the votes, the numbers were as follow:

For the earl of Litchfield	320
For lord Foley	167
	<hr/>
Majority for the earl of Litchfield	153

Who was immediately declared duly elected.

Sept. 29. At half an hour after eight o'clock at night, an express arrived from the Havannah, brought by the brave captain Harvey, of the Dragon man of war, and captain Nugent in the land service, with certain advice that it surrendered on the 14th of August. — They were both immediately introduced to his majesty, and most graciously received; and the Tower and park guns were fired upon this happy occasion, about twelve.